

THE  
THRACIAN  
WONDER.

A COMICAL  
HISTORY,

As it hath been several times Acted  
with great Applause.

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*Written by* JOHN WEBSTER *and*  
WILLIAM ROWLEY.

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*Placere Cupio.*

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L O N D O N :

Printed by *The. Johnson*, and are to be sold by *Francis Kirkman*,  
at his Shop at the Sign of *John Fletchers Head*, over  
against the Angel-Inn, on the Back-side of St. Cle-  
ments, without *Temple-Bar*. 1661.

3345

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Church, without Temple-Bar, 1733.





## The Stationer to the Reader.

Gentlemen,

**I**T is now the second time of my appearing in Print in this nature, I should not have troubled you, but that I believe you will be as well pleas'd as my self; I am sure that when I applied my self to buying and reading of Books, I was very well satisfied when I could purchase a new Play. I have promised you three this Tear, *A Cure for a Cuckold* was the first, this the second, and the third, viz. *Gamer Gurtons Needle* is ready for you. I have several others that I intend for you suddenly: I shall not (as some others of my profession have done) promise more then I will perform in a year or two, or it may be never; but I will assure you that I shall never leave printing, so long as you shall continue buying. I have several Manuscripts of this nature, written by worthy Authors, and I account it much pity they should now lye dormant, and buried in oblivion, since ingenuity is so likely to be encouraged, by reason of the happy Restauration of our Liberties. We have had the private Stage for some years clouded, and under a tyrannical command; though the publick Stage of England has produc'd many monstrous villains, some of which have deservedly made their exit. I believe future Ages will not credit the transactions of our late Times to be other than a Play, or a Romance: I am sure in most Romantick Plays there hath been more probability, then in our true (though sad) Stories. Gentlemen, I will not further trouble you at this time, onely I shall tell you, that if you please to repair to my Shop, I shall furnish you with all the Plays that were ever yet printed. I have 700 several Plays, and most of them several times over, and I intend to increase my Store as I sell; And I hope you will by your frequent buying, encourage

Your Servant,

Francis Kirkman.



## Dramatis Personæ.

**P**heander King of *Thrace*, Father to *Ariadne*.  
 King of *Scicillia*, Father to *Radagon*.  
*Alcade* King of *Africa*, Father to *Lillia Guida*.  
*Sophos*, Brother to *Pheander*.  
*Radagon*, Son to the King of *Scicillia*, and Husband to  
*Ariadne*.  
*Eufanius*, Son to *Radagon* and *Ariadne*.  
*Leonardo*, a Thracian Lord.  
 Two Thracian Lords.  
 Two *Scicillian* Lords.  
 Two *African* Lords.  
*Antimon* an old shepherd, father to *Serena* & the Clown.  
*Tisterus*, a merry shepherd.  
*Pallemon*, a shepherd in love with *Serena*.  
 The Clown, son to *Antimon*.  
 Two Shepherds.  
 Two Shepherdesses.  
 A Fisher-man  
 A Priest.  
*Pithia*, a Goddess.  
*Ariadne*, Daughter to *Pheander*, and Wife to *Radagon*.  
*Lillia Guida*, Daughter to *Alcade*.  
*Serena* a Shepherdess, Daughter to *Antimon*.  
 Chorus and Time.

# THE THRACIAN WONDER.

## ACT, I. SCENE I.

*Enter Phaon, King of Thrace, with his Sword drawn, two Noble-men holding him; Ariadne flying before him with a Child in her arms.*

1 Lord. Good my Liege.

2 Lord. Dear Sovereign.

Phaon. Why do you keep the Sword of Justice back From cutting off so foul a blasted branch?

2 Lord. Oh let your milder sence censure this Fate, And cast her not away in hate of spleen.

1 Lord. Consider Sir, she is your onely Child, your Kingdoms Heir, your Countries future Hope, and she may live.

Pha. To be a Scrumper, sir? Do not vex my soul with extollation of a thing so vile. Is it possible a Lady of her Birth should stain her Royal Race with beastly lust, and mix the blood of Kings with a base issue? Was it for this you were so long mew'd up within your private Chamber? Was it for this we gave so strict a charge to have your tedious Sickness look unto? But our examples shal be such on thee, as all the world shal take a warning by. What man, or devil in the shape of man was he, that durst presume for to pollute thee? Either confess him, or by all our gods Ile plague thy body with continual tortures; that being done, I will devise a death, that time to come shall never parrernit.

*Enter Radagon with his Sword drawn.*

Rad. There's not the smallest torture while I live, That shall afflict, or touch her tender body.

Pha. What Traitor-slave dares interrupt the passage of our will? Cut him in pieces.

Ariad. Oh, hold your hands; for mercy let him live, And twenty pieces within my bosom give.

B

Pha.

*The Thracian Wonder.*

*Pho.* Death? Now 'tis probable, He lay my life this Groom is  
Father to the Strumpets Brat. *Enter a Guard.*

A Guard there: seize him, make the Slave confess;

And if he will not, kill him instantly.

*Rad.* Villains, unhand me, He reveal the truth, I will not die  
in base obscurity. *Phaander*, know I am not what I seem (an ab-  
ject Groom) but Royal as thy self: My name is *Radagon*, son to  
thy Enemy, *Cicillia's* King; this thirteen months I have conti-  
nued here, in hope for to obtain what now I have, my *Ariadnes*  
love. 'Tis I am Father to this Princely Boy, and He maintain't  
even with the utmost hazard of my life.

*Pho.* Thy life, base Letcher, that is the smallest satisfaction  
that thou canst render for thy foul Transgression. And wert not  
'gainst the Law of Arms and Nature, these hands should sacrifice  
your guilty souls; and with your bloods wash the foul stain from  
off our Royal House. As for the Brat, his brains shall be dash't  
out, no base remembrance shall be left of him, He have my will  
effected instantly.

*Lord.* Dear Sovereign, let Pity plead this Case, and Natu-  
ral Love reclaim your high displeasure. The Babe is guiltless of  
the Fact committed, and She is all the children that you have,  
then for your Countries cause, and Kingdoms good, be pleas'd  
to take her to your grace agen.

*Lord.* Besides my Liage, 'tis known that *Radagon*  
is by his Noble Birth, a worthy Lord,  
Princely descended, of a Royal Stock,  
Although not Heir apparent to a Crown;  
Then since their hearts have sympathiz'd in one,  
Confirm with love this happy Union.

*Pho.* This hand shall be his Priest that dares agen presume to  
speak for her. What worse disgrace did ever King sustain, than I  
by this luxurious couple have? But you shall see our Clemency  
is such, that we will milder sentence their vile Fact, than they  
themselves can look for, or deserve. Take them asunder, and  
attend our Doom.

*Rad.* Before you speak, vouchsafe to hear me, Sir!  
It is not for my self I bend my knee,  
Nor will I crave the least forgiveness,

But

### *The Thracian Wonder.*

But for your Daughter ; Do but set her free,  
And let me feel the worst of Tyranny.

*Ariad.* The like Submission do I make for him.

*Phe.* Stop her mouth, we never more intend to hear her speak:  
I would not have a Token of Remembrance, that ever I did bear  
the Name of Father. For you, lascivious Sir, on pain of death  
we charge you leave our Kingdom instantly : two days we limit  
you for your departure ; which time expired, 'tis death to tread  
upon our *Thracian* Bounds.

But Hufwife, as for you,  
You with your Brat, wee'l send afloat the Main,  
There to be left, never to Land again :  
And that your Copes-mate may be sure to loose  
The chief content of his desired Blifs,  
You shall be guarded from our Kingdoms Confines,  
And put to Sea, with several Windes and Tides,  
That ye may never more enjoy each other :  
She in a small Boar without Man or Oar,  
Shall to the mercy of the Waves be left.  
He in a Pinnace without Sayl or Pilare,  
Shall be dragg'd forth some five leagues from the shore,  
And there be drencht in the vast Ocean.

You hear your Doom, which shall for ever stand irrevocable.

Make no reply : Go strumper, get thee hence,

No sin so vile as Disobedience.

*Exit Phe. the rest stay*

*Ariad.* A heavy, bitter Sentence ! when for Love we must  
be banisht from our Native right. Had his high Rage but suffered  
me to speak, I could have my Chastity as clear, as is the unspotted  
Lamb of Innocence.

*Lord.* Alas, good Lady : Now on my faith I do believe as  
much, Ile back return unto his Majesty, and urge him to recal  
his heavy Doom.

*Ariad.* Oh no, I would not for the world, believe me sir,  
Endanger you in such an Embassy.

Let him persist, the Heavens hath ever sent,

A Tower of strength to guard the innocent.

Oh *Radagon*, we two shall never meet,

Until we tread upon the higher Frame.

*The Thracian Wonder.*

Farewel, Dear Love. Poof Babe, thy wretched Birth  
Makes us to part eternally on earth. *Exit Ariad. & Guard.*

*Rad.* My life, my soul, all my felicity,  
Is in a trice divided from my sight.  
No matter now what ere become of me,  
All earthly joys are lost in loving thee. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Tithonus and Palamon.*

*Tit.* Come, I must know your cause of Discontent.

*Pal.* I know it is your love to urge thus far, and 'tis my love  
thus to conceal it from you: should I relate my cause of Sorrow  
to you, and you seeking my remedy, should wound your self,  
think what a Corsive it would prove to me. And yet I wonder  
you conceive it not; if you consider truly your own state, you'll  
finde our cause of grief to be alike.

*Tit.* You have found a pretty way to silence me, but 'twill  
not serve, indeed it will not, sir, because I know you do dissemble  
with me. The strongest Allegation that ye have, is that you sor-  
row for a Fathers death, and that I know is feigned; for since  
that time my self have heard you in your Roundelays more fro-  
lick far than any of the Swains; and in your pastimes on the Ho-  
lidays strive to Turpais the activest of us all, therefore that cannot  
serve you for Excuse: And for your flocks, I am sure they thrive  
as well as any shepherds do upon the plain, that makes me won-  
der, and impertunate to know the cause that might procure this  
sadness.

*Pal.* Since nothing but the Truth will satisfye,  
Take it in a word, brother: I am in Love.

*Tit.* Ha, ha, what's that?

*Pal.* A god which many thousands do adore.

*Tit.* A Fable that fond fools gives credit too: I that have bin  
a Shepherd all my life, and ne're train'd up to School as thou hast  
bin, would scorn to be deluded by a Fiction, a thing that's no-  
thing but inconsistency. Didst never hear the Invective that I  
made?

*Pal.* No, nor desire it now.

*Tit.* Yes, prithee mark it.

He tell thee my opinion now of Love.

*Love is a Law, a Disorder of such force,  
That 'twixt our Sense and Reason makes divorce.*

*Love's*

The Thracian Wonder.

*Love's a Desire, that to obtain, begins;  
We loose an Age of Tears pluck'd from our prime;  
For 'tis a thing, to which we soon consent;  
As youth refuse; but sooner far repent.*

*Then what must women be that needs cause  
That Love hath life? that Lovers feel such laws?  
They'r like the Winds upon Lapanthues flow,  
That still are changing. Oh then love no more.  
A womans Love is like that Syllin Flow'r,  
That buds and spreads, and withers in an hour.*

*Pal. See Orpheus, you have drawn Listners.*

*Tit. What, dost make beasts of 'em?*

*Ant. Come son, let's make haste to fold up our flocks,*

*I fear we shall have a foul Evening.*

*Clown. I think so too Farber, for there's a strong wind risen  
in the back door. S'nails yonder's Mr. Titter's merry Shep-  
herd, and the old fool my father would pass by; wee'l have a Fit  
of Mirth before we part.*

*Tit. Hoys a Gods-name, cannot the Puppy see?*

*Clown. Hardly, for he has been troubled with sore eyes this  
nine days.*

*Tit. Muscad, come hither, what shall I give thee to put my  
brother Pallemon from his dumps?*

*Clown. I do not know what you'll give me; but promise what  
you will. I'm sure to be paid if I meddle with him; he's the  
strangest humor'd man now of late that e're I met withal; he was  
ready to lay his Hook o're my pate t'other morning, for giving  
him the time of the day. But upon one condition. He venter a  
knock this once.*

*Tit. What's your condition?*

*Clown. Marry, that you would give me a delicate Song to court  
my Wench withal; but it must be a good one; for women are  
grown so musical now adays, they care not a pin for a Song, un-  
less it be well pricked.*

*Tit. Oh, I have one a purpose; hark, shall I hear it as by God*



*The Thracian Wonder.*

**I** Care not for these idle toys  
that must be woo'd & prais'd too,  
Come sweet Love, let's use the joys  
that men and women use to do.  
The first man had a woman  
created for his use, you know;  
Then never seek so close to keep  
a jewel of a price so low.  
Delay in love's a lingering pain,  
that never can be cured,  
Unless that love have love again,  
'tis not to be endured.

**Clown.** But then you shall have her say,  
I cannot, nor I dare not,  
For fear my father she do chide.

**Tis.** Tush, she'll ne'r blame thee to use the game,  
Which she her self so oft hath tri'd.

**Clown.** Oh excellent! this will fit her to hair ifaith:  
He to him presently.

**Tis.** So, I'm deliver'd, a fool and a mad-man are well put together;  
for none but fools or mad-men will love women. *Exit Tis.*

**Clown.** How do you sir? **Pal.** What's that to you sir?

**Clown.** 'Tis something to me sir, as I take it.

**Pal.** You shall have more sir, if you trouble me.

**Clown.** You shall not need sir, this is more than I lookt for.

I tell you sir, my blood begins to rise.

**Pal.** You might have past by me then, you saw me busie.

**Clown.** I felt you busie, though I saw you not.

**Pal.** My minde was busie. **Clo.** I minded not that indeed.

**Pal.** Muscod, come hither: come, we'll sit together.

**Clown.** Not within the length of your Hook; by your leave.

**Pal.** Come nearer man, I will not strike believe me.

I prithee tell me, dost thou love a woman?

**Clown.** Yes by this hand do I, two or three.

**Pal.** Wert thou to chuse 'mongst all our Thracian Dames,

Who would'st select to make the Mistress of?

**Clown.** Why, I would chuse, a woman, some body that I like'r,  
I know not who.

**Pal.** What thinkst thou of my Mistress? is not she the fairest  
Shepherdess we have in Thrace?

**Clown.** The fairest? do you make a doubt of't? is there any  
body dares compares with her? Who is your Mistress?

Let



*The Thracian Wonder.*

Let me know that before I praise *Enter Serena:*  
 Her any further. *Pal.* See where she comes, like to *Diana* in  
 her Summers Weed, going to sport by *Arcthusa's* Font.

*Clown.* This is my Sister: what an ass was he could not have  
 told me so before, I might have spoke a good word for him: I'm  
 glad she's come, He eene sneak away, and glad I'm so rid of him.

*Pal.* Will you still blast me with such coy disdain? shall all  
 my services be still neglected with disdainful scorn? Could I dis-  
 semble Love, make Tears my Truce man, file my Faith with  
 Oaths, that in the utterance makes the hearers tremble: should I  
 prophane, in seeking to compare with flattery: should I do this,  
 I surely should obtain what loyal service never can make mine.

*Seren.* I cannot answer in such Eloquence as you have studied  
 to accost me with; but in plain terms resolve your self: I hate  
 you: who can do less than hate such impudence, that having had  
 so many flat denials, dares prosecute agen his hated suit?

*Pal.* With low-bend knee I do submit my self, and beg your  
 pardon for presumption; if my endeavors might deserve your  
 love, what would *Pallemon* for *Serena* do?

*Seren.* If e're *Pallemon* then have hope to gain the smallest fa-  
 vor from *Serena's* Love, he must perform a Task I will impose.

*Pal.* I shall account me blest by your employment.

*Seren.* I will not credit you, unless you take an Oath for the  
 performance.

*Pal.* By all the gods we Thracians do adore, I will perform it  
 whatsoe're it be, so you'll consent to love me when 'tis done.

*Seren.* My hand and faith upon't. Now mark my words, You  
 never shall agen renew your suit, nor see my face until I send for  
 you, unless we chance to meet at unawares; and meeting so, to  
 turn away your eyes, and not to speak, as you respect your Vow.

*Pal.* Oh ever lasting Labyrinth! Dear Love, recal this Doom,  
 and let me undergo Herculean labors: 'tis too great a woe to be  
 debar'd your sight, rather command me to rip up this heart, these  
 hands shall do it; bar'e me my food, He like the *Argive* live in  
 contemplation of my *Mitris* beauty: He make the Arbors in  
 those shady valleys, whereas the *Snick* fail grows, and *Himrob*,  
 the *Consip*, *Primrose*, and the *Violet*; shall serve to make thee  
 Garlands for thy head.

*Exit*

*Seren.*

*The Trojan War.*

*And Stern.* Nothing shall serve; but what I have prefix'd  
*Pal.* He pluck the Moon from forth the Starry Throne,  
 And place thee there to light the lower Orb;  
 And as Stern *Phlox* offer to embrace thee, you at aid  
 He pitch him head-long into *Phlegon*,  
*Stern.* *Phobus* defend me! Oh, I fear he's mad.  
*Rul.* Orit thou'lt live, and be the Shepherds Queen, He fetch  
*Seneca* from the Dour of Swans to be thy handmaid; the *Phry-*  
*gian* Boy that *Jove* con-doted on, shall be thy Page, and serve thee  
 on his knee; thou shalt be guarded round with Jolly Swains,  
 such as was *Luno's* Love on *Luma's* hill: Thy Musick shall sur-  
 pass the *Argo's* ramer. If this content thee not, He dive into the  
 bottom of the Deep, and fetch thee Bracelets of the Orient Pearl,  
 the Treasure of the Sea shall all be thine;  
*Sen.* He's stark mad to some power with hold him here,  
 Until I finde some place to shelter me.  
*Exit.*

*Pal.* *Art thou gone in haste?*  
*He not forsake thee;*  
*Runst thou wa're so fast,*  
*He's gone to the*  
*Or the Dales, or the Downs,*  
*through the green Meadows,*  
*From the fields through the towns,*  
*to the distant adons.*  
*A dumb show.*  
*Thunder and Lightning.*

*All along the Plain,*  
*to the low Fountains,*  
*Up and down again*  
*from the high Mountains:*  
*Echo then, shall again*  
*tell her I follow,*  
*And the Floods to the Woods,*  
*carry my holla, holla, ca, la, ho, ho, hu*  
*Exit.*

*Enter old Antimon bringing in Ariadne shipwreckt, the Clown tur-*  
*ning the child up and down, and wringing the Clouts. They pass*  
*under the Stage.*  
*Enter Riddagon all wet, looking about for shelter in shipwreckt. Enter*  
*to him Tisuray, seems to question him, puts off his Hat and Coat,*  
*and puts on him, so guides him off.*  
*Exit.* Storm cease.  
*Enter Chorus.*  
*Chorus.* This storm is o're, but now a greater storm is to be fear-  
 ed, what is your Captures of this History. From cruel shipwreck  
 you have here beheld the preservation of these banish'd Princes,  
 who being put to sea in Mastless Boats, with several Windes and  
 Tides

*The Thracian Wonder.*

Tides were driven back to the same Coast that they were banisht from; which understanding, lest they should be known, they change their Names and Habits, and perswade the silly shepherds they are Foreigners: in several Cottages remote from Court these Lovers live, thinking each other dead. The sighs, the tears, the passions that were spent on either side, we could describe to you,

*Enter Time with an Hour-glass, sets it down, and exits.*

But time hath barr'd us: This is all you see

That he hath lent us for our History.

I doubt we hardly shall conclude so soon:

But if you please to like our Authors Pen,

We'll beguile *Time*, and turn his Glass agen.

*Exit.*

*Finis Actus Primi.*

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ACT. 2. SCENE. I.

*Groans of dying men heard within.*

*Enter two Lords of Thrace, severally.*

1 Lord. **G**ood Gods, be merciful. *Within.* Oh, oh, oh.

2 Lord. **S**ome Power defend us from this noisom Sickness.  
Stand: who's that, the Winde?

1 Lord. Keep distance then. Oh my Lord, is't you? this is a fearful Visitation, the people as they walk, drop down in heaps.

*Enter Lord Leonardo.*

Retire and keep the winde, here comes another.

*Leo.* Oh, oh, falls dead.

2 Lord. Mercy, he's dead!

1 Lord. Who is't?

2 Lord. I cannot well discern him, but I think it is the Lord *Leonardo*: Yes, 'tis he.

1 Lord. A fearful rest receive him, he was vertuous.

My Lord, I would fain exchange some private words with you, I think you are clear.

*Enter Sophos the Kings brother, reading a Letter.*

2 Lord. Upon my life I am.

1 Lord. Let's walk together then.

*Soph.* Alas poor Neece, cruel unnatural Father, a *Fallous*, a smiling Tyrant, to use his Daughter with such cruelty: Bless me, I fear I have taken the Infection.

1 Lord. 'Tis *Sophos* the Kings Brother come to Court.

C

*Soph.*

*The Thracian Wonder.*

*Soph.* I heard some speak, keep off what e're you be:  
Who is't, *Pallantion*? where's the King my Brother?

*1 Lord.* In his Bed-chamber. *Soph.* Tell him I am here.

*1 Lord.* I shall my Lord. Some there remove the body. *Exit Lord*

*Soph.* No, it shall lye,  
Himself shall see in what a state we live:  
His Daughter's murdered, banish'd I should say,  
And the *Cicillian Prince*, both innocent.

*Cor. Flor.* A little infant perish, the Gods know —  
As lawfully begot as he or I.

Nay, never stare, 'tis true: the Gods  
Are not displeased without cause.

Heyda! Is this a time for Musick?  
And so it is indeed; for every one  
Is ready to kick up his heels.

*Within. Oh, oh, oh.* *Imatry* fir, here's musick fit the time.

*Enter Pheander in his Gown and Cap, 1 Lord.*

*Phe.* What horrid shrieks and clamors fills our ears?  
Are groans fit Musick for a Princes Court?

*Soph.* 'Tis Musick fit for Princes that delight in devilish Dan-  
ces: Look fir, behold here's one hath danc'd himself quite out  
of breath: here's good *Leonardo* gone, your Daughter's dead,  
poor Neece, with tears I speak it, and your Land infected with  
a Plague incurable, your Court, and 'twas not wont to be the  
Court-disease: what should occasion this but —— would I durst  
speak what I suspect: suspect, said I? nay what is truth, for that's  
beyond suspicion. Read that, then guess the cause of our in-  
flictions.

*Phe.* Ha, ha, ha, ha. This was a subtle and shrewd Device to  
shadow Treachery, was it not my Lords? Having wrapt Treason  
in a poisoned paper, delivers it to us to take the infection.

*Soph.* By the blest Sun 'tis false, I am no Traitor, as loyal as  
the truest Subject here; yet there is poison in's of power and  
strength to make a Fathers heart to swell and burst at the recital  
of such Tyranny. Thy Daughter's chaste, a Royal sportless Prin-  
cess, she here doth vow, and call the Gods to witness, she ne're  
admitted him unto her bed, until the Nuptial Rites were cele-  
brate; yet Tyrant-like thou putt'st her unco sea, nor suffering her

*The Thracian Wonder.*

to plead her innocence, where she and her poor Babe did suffer death.

*Ph.* Dissembling hypocrite, art not ashamed to lay such shallow baits to catch a Crown? Observe what a discover'd way he treads, thinking her dead, which all you know she justly merited, has forged this Letter, to turn your hearts with seeming pity to dispossess us, and be King himself: But you whose hearts have ever yet bin loyal, know how to censure of such Treachery with true discretion. Pray ye use him kindly, let him not feel too many cruel tortures, he is our Brother, though he have transgressed the Law of Gods and Nature, we are loath to punish with too much severity.

*Soph.* Ha, ha, ha. Now give me leave to laugh, devouring Crocodile, dost think I fear to die? Let death fright those that fear to die for ever: let me behold him in his ugliest shape, he's then most lovely; if I did fear, I'd ne're have uttered this, it was to clear thy Daughters innocence, and blaze thy infamy unto the world, for this I did it: if for this I die, I die for truth, live with eternity.

*Ph.* Take him aside until we call for him.

*Soph.* Do not touch me, slaves, I scorn to run.

*Exit Guard  
with Soph.*

*Ph.* Your counsel Lords what we best to do,

You see his guilt apparently appears:

We dare not call a Publique Consultation

For fear of the Infection, unto you

We will referre the manner of his death.

Here seat your selves, and every man set down

His several Censure; which when we survey,

We'll give our Sentence, either Life or Death.

*Exit.*

*They seat themselves at a Table severally, and fall to writing.*

*Enter a Noble-man of Cicillia, the 1 Lord.*

*1 Sicil. L.* I think this be the Land of *Golgotha*, inhabited by none but by the dead, except some airy shadows, and they'r silent, the streets are strewd with breathless carcasses, as 'twas in *Rome* when *Marinus Silla* warred. All that do see me, shun me like the Plague, and shut their doors, sure I am not infectious. Entering the Court, the Guard stood gazing at me, and gave me

*The Thracian Wonder.*

free access into the Palace, without demanding whence, or what I came for; the strangeness of their looks and fearful action, makes me imagine, that I am transformed: would I could meet but with a Water-spring, to see if I retain my wonted shape. This should be near the Presence: what are these? they should be Lawyers, they'r not dumb I'm sure.

1 *Th. Lord.* What's he? 1 *Lord.* Some stranger.

3 *Th. Lord.* How came he in the Guard?

1 *Sc. Lord.* They speak, Ile try if they can hear.

1 *Th. Lord.* Keep back, who are you? The cause of your approach so near the King?

1 *Sc. Lord.* Your out-sides speak you noble. Know my Lords, the Cause of my arrival in this Land, is in the search of Princely *Radagon*, now Son and Heir to the Scicilian King; if ever you did hear of such a Prince, let not fore-passed hate extinguish him, but glad an aged Father with a Son, who now is all the children he hath left. They shake their heads and weep: Good Gods I fear they have ta'en away his life by tyranny.

*Enter Pheander ready.*

*Phe.* What stranger's that? what makes him in our Court? What, are you dumb? Why do you not resolve us?

1 *Lord.* He is a Subject to *Cicillias* King, and comes in search of banisht *Radagon*. 1 *Sc. Lord.* How, banisht?

*Phe.* I fir, banisht. And 'twas too milde a satisfaction for the base wrongs that I sustained by him: in a small Boat hopeles of help or life, he was put forth to sea by our Command. This you may tell your King, and so be gone.

1 *Sc. Lord.* You could not be so unmerciful, to use a verruous Prince so cruelly: you durst not so transgress the Law of Kings, to murder him, although your Enemy. I know no cause of his did merit it, but the stern hate of ancient Enmity.

*Phe.* How dare you fir, capitulate the Cause? Go, bid your Master come himself to know, and then perchance we may resolve it him.

1 *Sc. Lord.* Be sure he will, thou cruel Homicide, and ask the Cause in such a thundering Language, will make both thee and all that hear it, tremble.

*Exit Scil. Lord.*

*Phe.* We'll answer him as loud, fir, fear it not.

But

### *The Thracian Wonder.*

But to our first Affairs : what is your Censure ? is Life or Death the Sentence we must give ?

1 *Lord.* Mine is his Life, my Liege. 2 *Lord.* And so is mine.

3 *Lord.* Mine is his life, but not his liberty.

*Pho.* Why not his death as well ? His fact is Treason.

1 *Lord.* Suspected, but not proved ; therefore 'tis fit he should be kept close Prisoner, till we hear how the rude multitude do stand affected, for he was deeply seated in their hearts.

*Pho.* We are resolved, let him be straight brought forth, We'll use him with what clemency we may ;

I know the Gods, whom Kings should imitate,

Have plac'd us here to rule, not overthrow.

*Enter Sopho.*

Justice shall hand in hand with mercy go.

We speak before a King, but now a brother ;

If you will yet confess your Guilt and Cause.

That moved you first unto this Forgery,

We may perhaps forgive you ; otherwise

There is no other favor but to die.

*Soph.* Ha, ha, ha, to die ! I do not think I shall be made so happy, for death's the honest mans felicity, there is no favor that I crave but death ; in living here I shall more torments finde, but being dead, there ends my misery.

*Pho.* If you will yet confess, we will have mercy.

*Soph.* Mercy, on whom, for what ? You are deceiv'd, It is a thing not in thy power to give.

Mercy's immortal, and to humane eyes

Is never seen till fleshy passion dies.

*Pho.* It seems then fit, you do desire to die ?

*Soph.* With full consent, for life's a loathsome vale of misery.

*Pho.* In which thou still shalt live : thy life we give, but doom thee to perpetual banishment : we limit you no time, therefore dispatch. See that he instantly depart the Court.

*Soph.* Dost think Ile stay, by all our gods thy Crown and Kingdom shall not hire me to't. Tyrant farewell, if e're I do return, cities that now stand, shall be heaps of stone.

*Exit Sopho.*

*Pho.* This foggy Cloud dispers'd, I hold it fit some poste to the Delphos to the Oracle, to know what shall ensue these Thunder-claps that threaten such distraction, we our self will see you furnish



*The Thracian Wonder.*

night for the Offering. Whom shall we send? *Cleantes*? No: you two prepare for your departure presently. What though he was our Brother? 'tis not fit mistrustful men should live within our Court: what is't to be a King, and stand in aw?

*Cor. Flor.* Those that intreat, and may command with fear,  
Are fitter to climb up than tarry here. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Tistern and Radagon severally.*

*Tit.* Stirring so early, Partner, then I see you'll prove a wealthy shepherd; watchfulness is the chief star within our Kalendar: 'twere vain to ask you how you affect this life, your forwardness expresses that you like it.

*Rad.* Who can dislike a peaceful happiness? Methinks I never proved a sweeter happiness; in every corner here Content sits smiling: the Mountain tops I make my Morning-walks, the evening-shades my recreation, and when Nights Queen puts on her gorgeous Robe, I take delight to gaze upon the stars, in which methinks I read Philosophy; and by the Astronomical Aspects I search out Nature's secrets, the chief means for the preventing my Lambs prejudice. I tell you sir, I finde in being a shepherd, what many Kings want in their Royalties.

*Tit.* I joy in your content, yet wonder sir, you do frequent such melancholly Walks; I have observ'd your passions many times, and seen you sit sole accompanied with thought, as if your passions were your Comforters, I fear some foolish female has entrap you.

*Rad.* Not any sir, believe it, that's a thing  
I thank my stars I ne're did estimate.  
Love that imparadizeth some, to me  
Is hell it self, if hell on earth there be.

*Tit.* Blest be the hour that e're I met with thee,  
Nor love a woman? have I a second self?  
Oh happy, happy man, not love a woman!

*Rad.* I do not yet, assure you.

*Tit.* Nor ever do, if you do love your self; of all things in the world take heed of 'em: I have a brother mad forsooth, for Love. But that I had a mother, I could wish that there were no such things as women are. We shall have such a hoyting here anon, you'll wonder at it. 'Tis *Pan's* Holiday, the chiefest Festival  
the



### *The Thracian Wonder.*

the Shepherds keep, 'tis held upon this Green.

*Rad.* I thought as much, belike then that's the cause.

*Musick.* This place is so bedeck't and strow'd with flowers.

*Tit.* The very same: they come, observe the custom.

*Enter old Antimon and another old Shepherd, after them two Shepherds to dance, then the Clown with Garlands upon his Hook, himself dress'd with Ribbons and Scarfs, then Ariadne the Princess like a Shepherdesse, with Serena and two other Shepherdesses to dance.*

*Cease Musick.*

*Ant.* *Titonus!* well met, you are the welcomest man I see to day, the wenches were afraid you'd not have come, and then our Roundelays had all bin spoiled.

*Tit.* Sir, you may thank this man: pray bid him welcome, he's a stranger here.

*Ant.* What Countrey-man?

*Rad.* Scicilia gave me life, on whose fair Promontories I have lived this many yeares, till Cover to see change, brought me to Thrace, which I affect so well, I would continue.

*1 Shep.* And welcome.

*2 Shep.* Welcome,

*Clown.* Y'are very heartily welcome.

*Ant.* Son, set down thy Hook, and shake it lustily,  
Win me the Garlund, and I promise thee  
He give thee two fat Wethers to make merry.  
Oh, when I was a young man, I'd a rickl'd it.

*Clown.* I warrant ye father, for the Cast of the Leg,  
The standing Caper, or the Placker-Jump,  
Let me alone, He firk 'em up ifaith.

*1 Shep.* Sir, you't make one? Nay, no excuse shall serve,  
We know you can, and will not be denied.

*Rad.* I shall but shame our Countrey-men. Will you?

*Tit.* Who I? And 'twere not to observe the Ceremony,  
They should not have me here. I must do somewhat.

*Ant.* Come, y'are well matcht, strike Musick and begin,  
We two will sit as Judges.

*Dance, wherein Ariadne, alias Mariana, dances with Radagon.*

*Dance ends.*

*Soft Musick. The men all pass by the two old Shepherds with obeysance, Radagon last; as he makes Congee, they put the Crown upon*

## *The Thrasian Wonder.*

upon his head, he offers to refuse it, they put it on him, and set him betwixt them.

*Ant.* Nay, you must not refuse it, 'tis deserved, you have it with a general consent, this shall confirm't.

*1 Shep.* And this.

*2 Shep.* And this.

*Rad.* I thank you.

} The rest of the Shepherds pass by him with obeysance.

*Musick agen.* The wenches come with obeysance to Ariadne, crown her Queen of the Spherdesses, they lead her to Radagon their King; she and they make obeysance to him, he rises and kisses her.

*Musick ceases.*

*Ant.* Come, spread the Cloth, and bring away the Meat:

So, so, sit down. Daughter attend the Queen,

It may be thy turn next.

That's a good boy.

*Enter Clown with a Table-Cloth, he and*

*Ant.* spread it ridiculously on the ground, they all sit down.

*Musick.* Dishes of Apples, Nuts, and Cheese-cakes.

*Enter Titterus like old Janus, with a Coat girt to him, a white Beard and Hair; a Hatchet in one hand, and a Bowl in the other, he sings.*

**N**OW does Jolly Janus greet your Merriment;  
For since the Worlds Creation,  
I never changed my fashion,  
'Tis good enough to fence the Cold:  
My Hatchet serves to cut my string yearly,  
My Bowl preserves the Juice of Grape and Barley:  
Fire, Wine, and Strong Beer, makes me live so long here,  
To give the merry New-year a welcome in.

All the potent Powers of Plenty wait upon  
You that intend to be frolick to day:  
To Bacchus I commend ye, and Ceres oke attend ye,  
To keep encroaching Cares away.  
That Boreus blasts may never blow to harm you,  
Nor Hymens frosts, bus give you cause to warm you.  
Old Father Janevere, drinks a Health to all here,  
To give the merry New-year a welcome in.

*Ariad.*

*The Thrasian Wonder.*

*Ariad.* Good *Faunivere* depart : Another time  
We'll bid thee welcome as befits thy years,  
But now our Flocks are young, and should they feel  
But the smallest breath from thee sent in a storm,  
They would go near to perish, Prithee leave us.

<i>Tit.</i> Since you desire my absence, I will depart this Green, Tho loath to leave the presence of such a lovely Queen, <i>Omnus.</i> Tisternus ? Welcome.	<i>Whose Beauty like the Sun, melts all my frost away. And now instead of Winter, behold a youthful May.</i>
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*Enter Pallemon.* I come, I come, I come. *Exeunt running.*  
*Manent Clown & Pal.*

*Clown.* I go, I go, I go.

*Ser.* Oh hide me from him. *Exeunt.* The Clown climbs up a tree.

*Pal.* Puff, they'r blown away with a Whirlwinde :

Thanks gentle *Eolus*, th'ast left my Love upon a lofty Pine.

*Clown.* Yes, I shall pine, for I'm like to get no Victuals whilest  
he is here.

*Pal.* That's not her voice : no, now I see her plain,  
'Tis an Owl in an Ivy-bush.

*Clown.* I'm glad he takes me for an Owl : now if I could but  
cry like one, *ta witt, ta wee.*

*Pal.* Oh 'tis my Love, she says I come to wooe, 'tis true ;  
Come down, dear Love ; or stay, I come to thee.

*Clown.* No, no, no, I come, I come down to thee.  
He'll break my neck, if he get up once. *Comes down.*

*Pal.* Alas poor heart, how pale and black she looks,  
I think she's almost starv'd, she's black i'th mouth !  
See, here's a Banquet ; come sit down my Love.

*Clown.* I'm glad a this, we shall feed agen.

*Pal.* Yet stay : now I remember, those that are kept from vi-  
ctuals a long time, must not be cloyed too much for fear they sur-  
feit. *Clown.* I warrant you my Love, I will not feed.

*Pal.* No, do not feed. *Clown.* Yes, yes, a little.

*Pal.* No, 'tis dangerous, we'll first to sea, and purge the blood  
that dimms thy rosie cheeks.

*Clown.* Lets fill our bellies, and we shall purge the better.

*Pal.* It is not good to purge on a full stomach.  
Come we'll embarque us in this hollow Tree,  
*The Dance.* And sayl to *Jericho*. Musick, shall we dance?  
*Clo.* I, I, we'll dance to *Jericho*. *Amad Dance, they dance off.*

*Consort a Lesson. A Table and Tapers. Enter Priest and two  
Thracian Lords. Ceremonies ended, the Priest speaks.*

*Priest.* Know sacred Goddess, these are sent  
From fertile *Thrace*, whose discontent  
By noisom Sickness is increast;  
But how, or when it shall be ceast, *Pythia speaks in the Musick room  
behinde the Curtains.*  
Their King *Pheander* craves resolve,  
The reason of his Countreys grief,  
And when they shall regain relief?

*Pythia above, behinde the Curtains.*

*Pib.* The ileful gods with full consent,  
Have plagu'd the *Thracian* Continent,  
Their Court and Countrey woe shall sing  
For the Transgression of their King;  
Who 'gainst all Right and Piety,  
Hath quire expell'd pure Chastity;  
But for the time when Plagues shall end,  
This Schedule to the King I send,  
Wherein at large is full exprest  
When all your woe shall be redrest. *Throws down a paper.*

*Priest reads.* Content shall keep in Town and Field,  
When *Neptune* from his Waves shall yield  
A *Thracian Wonder*; and as when  
It shall be prov'd 'mongst *Thracian* men  
That Lambs have Lions to their Guides,  
And Seas have neither Ebbs nor Tydes;  
Then shall a Shepherd from the Plain,  
Restore your Health and Crown agen.

*Priest.* The Oracle pronounces still obscure;  
But what is writ, is truth most sure.  
Tho ne're so hard to you it seem,  
Time will make clear what you misdeem.

*Lord.* But we that time shall never live to see.

*Exit.*

What

### *The Thracian Wonder.*

What Thracian Wonder can the Sea waves yield?  
Lambs ne're will have stern Lions for their guide:  
Or when will Seas leave off their Ebbs and Tides?

2 *Lord.* Never, oh never.

1 *Lord.* Then ne're shall *Thrace* be blest.

But we will bear this Problem to the King,  
And let him know that for his tyranny,  
His Subjects suffer this calamity.

*Exeunt:*

*Enter Antimon and Ariadne.*

*Ant.* Minnion, take heed, turn not my proffered Love  
By peevishness and folly, to disdain; for if thou dost,

*Ariad.* You'll turn me out of all, I know it is the sequel of  
your words, which I unhappy wretch must undergo: were every  
Lamb increast unto a Flock, and every Flock to thousands multiplied,  
I must not love you.

*Ant.* You must not?

*Ariad.* And worse, I must for ever hate you, if you name but  
Love agen: I must ingrateful be for all the courtesies you have  
bestowed. Love, or the thought of it, to me is like the Talion of  
a soaring Hawk striking a silly Dove, it murders me.

*Ant.* So, you are sensible of your own grief, but no other pity,  
I am wounded too, but you feel it not.

*Ariad.* Where are you wounded, sir?

*Ant.* Even at the heart: I'm wounded for thy Love.

*Ariad.* If I could see it bleed, I should believ't.

*Ant.* You would, I thank you heartily for that.

*Ariad.* Sure sir, I think you would not fear a wound, cold and  
decaying nature has made you strike-free, you have no blood to  
die with, y'are now buried in your skins Sear-cloth, and would  
you warm that monumental Robe at Loves fire in your grave?

*Ant.* Scorn'd and abused, 'tis long of *Menalcas* go with that  
hand preserved thee from the wrack of the devouring Billows,  
that ravenous and mercileas assembly of salt Drops, that charita-  
ble hand that long hath been the tender Foster-father to thy  
wants, with that hand now I turn thee off: turn thou thy face no  
more to any house of mine, He burn them all e're they shall co-  
ver thee. Thou wert my joy, but this thy scornful Spight,  
Has made me hate where I took most delight.

### *The Thracian Wonder.*

*Ariad.* My sweet *Eufanius*,  
It is his Loss makes me unfortunate, that weighry grief  
Followed by mercies, yet wert thou the chief;  
Where e're thou art, Fate in spight send me hither,  
Tho in the arms of Death we meet together.

*Ent. Tisternus.*

*Sings.* I loved a *Lass*, alas my folly,  
was full of her coy disdainung,  
I courted her thus: what shall I sweet *Dolly*  
do for thy dear Loves obtaining?  
At length I did dally so long with my *Dolly*,  
that *Dolly* for all her faining,  
Had got such a mountain above her valley,  
that *Dolly* came home complaining.

*Ariad.* Oh misery, misery! which way should I turn from thee?

*Tit.* Ha? there's a foolish Lover upon my life, a female heigho  
ifaith: Alas poor heart, why dost thou sit dejected, pretty soul, he  
is a hard hearted stubborn Clown I warrant him, what e're he is;  
but I hold him the wiser man for't though: will he not do, filthy  
churl as he is? poor heart, would I had a heart could pity thee.

*Ariad.* What e're you are, sir, my miseries have not deserved  
your scorn; I do beseech you leave me with my sorrows, for I  
desire no other company.

*Tit.* Ha? a good face ifaith, a special good face, fine Babies  
in her eyes, tho'e lips speak now methinks, and say, *Come kiss me*.  
How now *Tisternus*! the singing Satyre against all women, the  
Madrigal-maker against good faces, Beauties Despiser, are you  
in contemplation now? I must not turn my tale sure from Shep-  
herds Roundelays to *Epithalamiums*, and Sonnets, and Io's, and  
Heighos? this were odd if I should, and yet by my troth I think  
I must for ought I can perceive; that chievish god *Cupid* that  
useth to steal hearts, affections, and sighs out of mens bosoms, is  
now crept into mine, and spite of my proud heart makes me  
confess, that

*Love's a lovely Lad,*  
*his bringing up is Beauy,*  
*who loves him not is mad;*  
*for I must pay him duty*  
*now I'm sad.*

*Hayl to those sweet eyes,*  
*that shine celestial wonder,*  
*From thence do flames arise*  
*burns my poor heart asunder,*  
*now it fries.*

*Ariad.*

*The Thracian Wonder.*

*Ariad.* Sir, you are rustick, and no generous spirit to make Calamity your merry Theam. Beseech you leave me.

*Tir.* Cupid sets a Crown  
upon those lovely Tresses;

Oh spoil not with a frown  
what he so sweetly dresses.

*He sits down.*

*Ariad.* You'll force me then to rise, and flie your folly;  
Yet why should you have power to banish me  
From this free spreading Air, that I may claim  
For mine as well as yours? but 'tis no matter,  
Take this place to ye, where e're you force me go,  
I shall keep still my sad Companion, Wo.

*Tir.* Nay then have at you in Prose, if Meter be no Meter for you, you must noe leave me thus; And as even till this hour I hated women, and therefore must needs be the honestest man, I will not stay you for any ill, by my hook and troth la: And now do not I know what to say to her neither, but you have a good Face, white Neck, a dainty Cheek, soft Hand, and I love you: if my Nurse had ever taught me better language, I could afford it you.

*Ariad.* That very word will feather my slow feet, and make me flie from you. I hate all love, and am in love with nought but hate and scorn, sorrows and griefs, I am exposed to them, turned from a Charity that fed me once, to naked poverty, thrust in to the mouth of Fortunes battery, to stand all malice that she can shoot at mortal.

*Tir.* What heart could be so cruel? hand so ungentle?

*Ariad.* Old *Antimon's*, till this hour courteous,  
Now most unkinde and spiteful.

*Tir.* Why then, has *Love* and *Hate* mistaken their Quivers to day? He that was courteous to women is now turn'd unkinde, and I that ever halted am struck most pitifully in love with 'em. Here, take all the store I have to defend thee from common necessities, to feed and lodge: I will be thus bountifal, though I never have better of thee while I live, and I am sorry I am no better furnisht; if thou remainest in these fields, Ile lend thee enough to stock thee with a Flock, and give thee day enough for pay-



## The Thracian Wonder.

payment too. He that should have said I would a bin thus bountiful to day morning, I would have said by this time he had bin a witch. Fare thee we'll, I have some strange medications, that I desire to be alone my self now, some of 'em must out agen howsoever.

*Whither shall I go  
to escape away from folly?  
For now there's love I know,  
or else 'tis melancholly,  
heigh, heigh.*

*Tender lies the Snow,  
but my heart cannot melt it:  
Love shoots from his bow,  
and my poor heart hath felt it.  
heigh, heigh.*

*Exeunt severally.*

*Finis Actus secundus.*

## ACT. 3. SCENE I.

*Enter Pheander with the two Lords from the Oracle.*

*Pho.* **W**Hat news from Delphos? what says the Oracle?  
Wherefore is *Thrace* thus pestered with these  
plagues?

*1 Th. Lord.* My Liege, we have performed your dread Command, yet not command so much, as our desire did make our tedious travels to seem short, until we heard *Apollo's* ireful Doom; but then. *Pho.* What then? nay quick, go on I say, we long to hear the Oracles Decree;

*1 Th. Lord.* Having pronounc'd the gods were all displeased With woeful *Thrace*, she said our sorrows spring Was caused by the Transgressions of our King, Who 'gainst the Law of Equity and Right Had from his sight abandon'd Chastity. But for the time when Plagues and Woes shall end, Deliver this unto your Thracian King: Till this be full accomplisht, 'tis in vain Ever to hope, or seek redress agen.

*Pho. reads.* *Comets shall keep in town and field;  
When Neptune from his waves, &c.*

Pish, these moral Misteries are incredulous, not can they contradict the will of Kings: Comets portend at first blaze, but take effect



*The Thracian Wonder.*

effect within the bosom of the destinies, so Oracles at *Delphos* though foretold, are shap'd and finish'd in your Councel-house; and yet I charge you both upon your lives, let not the commons understand so much, lest several censures raise a Mutiny: 'Tis death to show a discontented brow, but smooth your over-burthened grief with smiles, there's no disaster that afflicts a Clime but it contains some limitation.

*Enter a Fisherman.*

Lets wait the time, and with domestick care,

*A Cry within.* Strive to maintain those Honors we have won.

*Arm, arm.* Lets stand upon our guard, I fear some Treason. Speak Villains quickly, what means this noise?

*Fish.* My duty, mighty King, made me presume To press thus boldly to your Highness presence, To bid you make prevention 'gainst your foes, They are in number numberless to tell.

*Tucket.* And as I guess are of *Cicilia*.

*Pho.* What Trumpet's this? is it our enemy?

*2 Lord.* One from the enemy.

*Enter 1 Cicillian Lord.*

*Pho.* Quickly the News, that we may give an Answer.

*Cic. Lord.* My Royal Master, the Cicillian King.

*Pho.* We know your Message sir, in that one word: In naming him we understand the Cause.

*1 Cic. Lord.* Desires to parley with your Majesty.

*Pho.* We'll parley in no language, but in Steel:

This shall maintain the Justice I have done,

Against my Daughter, and base *Radagon*;

Whose hateful name when I but think upon, addes vigor to my heart to take Revenge. Be gone, and tell your King for his presumption, we'll lash him from our Land with iron rods, and dragg him at our stirrop through the streets.

*1 Ci. L.* Prepare for battel, when this Answer's known. *Exit.*

*Pho.* We'll meet him in the mid-way: say we come.

*1 Th. Lord.* Your Grace were better parley with the foe, and take a Truce, my Liege, for certain days; let your pretence be search of *Radagon*, which proposition they'll consent unto, then have we time to fortifie our Land, and muster stronger powers to make resistance; for as we are, we are but a handful to a multitude.

*Pho.* Were they ten times as many, and we fewer, they should

not

not rest one night within our Bounds, till I have sared my revenge  
in blood: Have we so many foreign Conquests won, and shall  
we fear a Broil in our own Land? our powers shall march and  
issue forth the Towns, Armies shall grapple, and the earth shall  
groan to bear the burthen of Wars horror.

Come let's on; base Fear's the brand of slaves,

*Trom Flor.* They that die nobly, shall have honor'd graves. *Exeunt*

*Enter Cicillia, 1 Lord, 2 Lord, Captains, Drums,  
and Soldiers.*

*Cicil.* Did he receive our Message with such scorn?

*1 Cic. Lord.* With such a barbarous and proud disdain, he scarce  
would suffer me to utter it; but bid me back return, and tell  
your Grace he'd lash you from his Land with whips of Steel, and  
when he had ta'en you Prisoner hand to hand, he'd dragg you at  
his stirrups through the streers.

*Cicil.* I'm glad they are so valiant: then they come.

*1 Cic. Lord.* The voice of *Arm, Arm*, hurried through the  
Court as swift as Lightning, and their clattering Arms put on in  
haste, made such a horrid noise, as if a voice had issued from the  
Clouds, and all the way pursued me; methinks my ears still  
ringle with the sound.

*Cic.* Courage Cicilians, let this be your honor, they are no  
Cowards that you fight withal; for they have been approved in  
foreign Lands.

*Cic. 2 Lord.* Let 'em be what they will, we stand prepared, if  
they be bold, we are as resolute; if valiant, we undaunted and  
resolved. Let it be seen which of our swords this day carves dee-  
pest wounds upon the breast of *Thrace*.

*Cic. 1 Lord.* In equal balance since our fortunes lye,  
Let each man strive to conquer, vanquish't die.

*Cic.* I like your forward spirits, and commend 'em: in all our  
Troops I cannot spie a man whom I mislike or dread; and for  
my part, as you have seen a burning Taper fall and burn most  
bright when it begins to fade, so shall you see me in declining  
Age. Methinks I cannot bear their Drums to thunder, nor their  
hoarse brazen pipes breath forth a sound, to publish their defiance.

*Cic. 1 Lord.* Does not that Eccho issue from the town?

*Cic.* These are no braving Tones.

*Cic.*

## *The Thracian Wonder.*

*Cic. Lord.* Yet neerer, neerer still.

*Cic.* Beat up our Drums, and drown their Hornets sound.  
*Enter the King of Thrace and Lords, his Drum unbrac'd, Ensigns folded up, himself in a Palmyers Gown, Hat, and Staff.*

*Cic.* How now, what are these?

*1 Cic. Lord.* Mummers my Lord, I think. Set down your Drums, we'll play for all your Crowns; I am sure you know me, you have too much cause.

*Phs.* Behold great Sir, my Ensigns folded up, my Drums unbrac'd, and all those instruments that should encourage War, quite put to silence; there's not a hand in all our warlike Host that's armed for opposition or defence.

*2 Cic. Lord.* Is this the man would lash us from his Land with whips of Steel?

*Cic.* Where are the horses, to whose curled Tails we must be bound and dragg'd along the streets?

*1 Th. Lord.* Can you, my Lord, bear these injurious brands?  
This would put life in statues carv'd with hands,  
Much more encourage Cowards; we that late  
Perswaded you to peace, upon our knees  
Entreat you to command your Ensigns wave,  
And by our ancient Honors, which our foes  
Cannot without a blushing cheek deny,  
We'll make 'em know they do defie their Victors.

*Phs.* He forfeits his Allegiance that agen presumes to motion War: I wish my sorrows shadows, but alas they are too real, too essential, they dwell not in the face and outward brow, but have their habitation here within, where they torment me, and shall ever till I behold *Cicilia's* Son secured, and my fair Daughter fast closed in my arms, those two poor innocent and spotless souls whom my remorseless rage and tyranny hath sold to all afflictions.

*Cic.* Speak *Phander*, are not those passions meerly counterfeits? Do they proceed from Fear and Cowardise, that thus thou fold'st thy warlick Ensigns up, and without stroke of battel giv'st the day? Or which I rather deem, from Policy and *Machevillian* cunning?

*Phs.* Neither Prince: but meer repentance for my late misdeed, which is so hainous in the eyes of Heaven, it seems beyond

### The Thracian Wonder.

their pardon ; therefore now in expiation of that horrid act, and to inflict due penance on my self, all Regal ornaments of State put off Awe and Command that wait on Majesty. Thenceforth vow a lasting Pilgrimage, either to bring the Prince thy Son alive, and tender him to safety in thine arms-wichal, with her fair Beauty in rich Thrace, rob'd of so rare a Jewel ; Or if dead, end the remainder of my afflicted hours in exile and forsaken solitude, in desarts scarce discovered. *Cic.* A sad Vow.

*Phc.* To make which good, to thee *Cicillia's* King, in part of recompence to thy great wrongs, I here resign all State and Empire up, my Crown, my Scepter, and Majestick Orb, until the Truce prefix be quite expired ; And charge you all on your Allegiance, Lords, that you the Faith and Homage sworn to me, pay to this King in all just Loyalty. This Pilgrims weed be now my Robe of State, no other gay Trim will *Phcander* wear ; my Sword, the Sword of Justice born before now, is now no better than a Palmers Staff, by which I will do justice on my self in humble penance ; and in stead of Gold, and Cups of hollowed Pearl, in which I us'd to quaff deep Healths of rich Pomegranate Wine, this Scallop shall be now my Drinking-cup to sip cold water. I am now, *Cicillia*, a man reformed ; for loe I die to State, Live onely to Devotion. Lords adieu, These are my arms yon Kingdom to pursue. *Exit.*

*Phc.* I hear your Princes minde, and hope his vowes are out of his meer zeal and penitence which I accept, will you accord with him, and promise your true Fealties to us ?

1 *Thr. L.* As we to him were, we are now to you, as loyal and as faithful, 'twas his pleasure, and we submit to both, acknowledging his wrongs to you, and take them at the best, far above all forgiveness.

2. *Thr. L.* You cannot boast of any Conquest won, To gain a kingdom, and loose such a Son.

*Scicil.* This to us is a full satisfaction, and my Lords, we know how to require your gratitude, the Regency by him assigned to us we in our bounty reassign to you, be your own Lords, excepting still the fealty due to your Sovereign at his back return, in whose forc'd absence should you use our aid, we shall be your Protector.

*Thr. Lords.* Noble in all his Arts is *Scicilly*.

*Scicil.*

*The Thracian Wonder.*

*Scicil.* Billet our Soldiers in such Neighboring-towns, where Victual and best Harbor may be had ; withal Proclaim not the least violence be-dorie to any Thracian, they are ours now, tho under your command. Here was a happy War fought without blows, yet no dishonor in't, he that endures such War within, can be no coward sure.

In all designs this still must be confest,  
He that himself subdues, conquers the best.

*Exeunt.*

ACT. 3. SCENE. 2.

*Enter Aleade King of Affrica, Sophos, Lillia Guida, Tromp.Flor. Eufanius, and Moors, and Guard.*

*Alecad.* **W**Here's *Sophos*?

*Soph.* Here my Lord.

*Alecad.* Has our command been well effected, that we gave in charge ?

*Soph.* Great King, it has.

*Alecad.* Our purse and people are at thy dispose, leave an army of the stoutest men *Affrick* affords: we love thee, thou art honest. In *Affrica* the Moors are onely known, and never yet searcht part of Christendom ; nor do we levy Arms against their Religion, but like a Prince and Royal Justicer, to patron Right, and supplant Tyranny.

We are in this as Gods, and in like care,  
Should punish Ignomy, and Vertue spare:

*Eusan.* They gave a partial measure that subscribed *Affrick* within so small and strict a limit, making great *Europe* boundless. Royal Sir, give me but leave to go with *Sophos* to the Thracian Wars, that I may speak your Fame unto the world, and where you are but heard of, make you famous. If ever Fame or Valor crown my youth with the least Honors, all my services Ile dedicate to you and my fair Mistress, Wonder of her Sex, whose beauty shines like to a Star amongst so many clouds of her own Nation. *Lillia Guida's* name shall be as much in Christendom, as Greekish *Hellen's* was. God sir, speak for me.

*Sophos.* 'Thad bin my first request, but that I fear'd  
It would offend your Mistress: she being pleas'd,

*The Thracian Wonder.*

Upon my knee I do entreat for you.

*Lilia.* To show my willingness. He be the third my self, and humbly crave it may not be deny'd; I do not love to be attended on in a wrought Night-cap, obeyed with quilted calves, give me a man that Agues cannot quake, nor fire tremble. Pardon me Princely Father, it is your spirit speaks, I am your own, and by that privilege become your Suitor.

*Alcad.* Our Daughter has prevail'd, *Sopho* your ear.

*Lilia.* To give encouragement unto thy hopes, receive this favor; may it prove a charm unto thy arm, and double puissance adde unto thy strength, when any danger's extant.

*Moor.* This it was that I long since suspected, this shall prove his tragick Fate, and ruine to her love.

*Enf.* You grace me beyond merit; while I live I will make known your honors, rank your name amongst the bravest Dames of Christendom; and when I view this Scarf, it will infuse undaunted vigor, make me overcome impossibilities, there easie to desire.

*Alcad.* Treason, didst say?

*Moor.* Against your Majesty, dishonor of your fair and beauteous Childe, their motions, gestures, looks, and conference I have observed and watched with jealous eyes, and finde 'em all corrupt. Lack, my Liege, behold before your face their amorous fire breaks forth into bright flames, is't not apparent? his suit to leave the Court, her seconding his Treason with a Boon and Favor too. You thought 'twas his desire to go to Wars, believe it not, there's no such man in him: It is some secret Plot they have contrived to stie away. Prevent it speedily.

*Alcad.* Thou hast infused a spirit into my breast I never yet did feel: strange impudence! Ambition never heard of in a Peasant! A slave that neither knows his birth nor breeding, should thus presume for to seduce a Princess! Hence with that Traitor, let him have a death as horrid as his crime.

*Soph.* How's this?

*Enf.* A Traitor?

*Moor.* I Traitor: Traitor; firrah.

*Enf.* Sirrah, you lie, this shall maintain't 'gainst thee or any dares affirm this Title. Mount us, great King, upon some lofty spire, where is but room for two, place him amidst an host in this  
just

*The Thracian Wonder.*

just Cause to clear my honor, and her innocence : He pierce thorough armed Guards, and make my way through Halberds, Pikes, and deadly killing shot, break through many Battels, rally thorough whole Squadrons, and make him like a confused lump that ne're had form. Guard me you sacred Powers, lest I forget time, presence, place, and on this ugly slave commit an out-rage.

*Alcad.* Kill, and stop his fury : insolent boy, how dares thy violence offer it self in blows, and we in presence ? Had we no other cause, this were enough to take away thy Life. Away with him.

*Soph.* Stay yet, dear sir, as ever I deserved grace at your hand, hear me first speak : Behold him bow to you, that in your Cause hath made great Kings to kneel, and tender you submission ; for my sake let him not suffer death, 'tis undeserved, I will engage all that I have on earth that he is loyal ; let not false surmize, suspect, and jealousie beget belief to wrong your Princely thoughts. In killing him, you make me guilty, and a murderer ; for I first brought him higher, to my hands he did commit his life, being a childe, when on the Plain of *Thrace* I took him up, let him not loose it at a holy Altar, and Princes Courts are such, and should maintain as divine Priviledge as Sanctuary : For Kings that circle in themselves with death, Poison the Air in which themselves draw breath.

*Lil.* Blest be that Orator : Gracious Father.

*Alcad.* Let her not speak, her words confirm suspect : bear her away unto her private chamber, there let her be confin'd a prisoner, till we determine further.

*I Moor.* It shall be done.

*Exit. Guard with Lillia.*

*Alcad.* *Sophos* his life is thine, but not his freedom.

*Ens.* Durance ? Worse then death.

*Alcade.* No banishment save *Affrica* ; make all the world thine own.

*Soph.* The Kings all mercy.

*Ens.* He Proclaim as much.

*I Moor.* I but my Lord, what safety for my life, which he so much hath threatned ?

*Ens.* I scorn to touch thy life, thou timorous slave,  
But Traitors are all Cowards : Fare thee well,  
And my dear Foster-father, wanting whom

I loose



*The Thracian Wonder.*

I loose my better part ; Thus they thrive,  
That cannot flatter Kings, feel death alive. *Exit Ensanus.*

*Alcade.* Nay *Sophos*, be not sad, 'tis thy pretended good that we pursue, the Girl was wanton, and the Boy was young, and Love is kindled by desire as soon in one poor minute as an age of time: we banish him that she might fancy thee, whom we intend shall have her, 'tis true as we are royal, if you please for to accept of her.

*Sophos.* 'Tis an honor that I shall never merit, to spouse a Princes of her excellency;  
For I have nothing worthy her affection;  
She cannot give consent to love a man,  
That's banish'd from his Land and native soyl :  
I have no titles for to honor her,  
And that's a thing that women most affect.

*Alcade.* Sir, you inherit vertue, that's a thing no mortal can restore, all other State we will invest you with, the crown of *Thrace* shall be your own, or cost ten thousand lives, our sable Ensigns never yet before displayed beyond the Mediterean Sea, shall now be seen to fly, men have livers there pale as their faces, and when we appear, will frighted run from such a Golden soyl; our home-bred fear have end, foreign foes must be our conquest now.

Come my best *Sophos*, e're the next moon spring,  
My childe shall call thee husband, *Thrace* her King.

*Tromp. Flor.*

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Finis Actus Tertii.*

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ACT. 4. SCENE. I.

*Enter Pheander in a Pilgrims habit alone reading the Oracle.*

*Phe* **C**ontent shall keep in town and field, &c.  
I know not in what sence to apprehend it,  
So intricate this matter seems to me ;  
Yet in these latter lines I read a comfort.

*Read.* Then shall a shepherd from the plains,  
Restore your Health and Crown agen.

There



### *The Thracian Wonder.*

There is a sign of truth already past, for when *Apollo* did pronounce this doom, I was a king, and did enjoy my Crown, and I must be deposed before restored. But then the man, I there's the doubt of all, for ever since I took this Pilgrims habit, I have wandered up and down to finde this shepherd; wandered indeed, for in the search of him I have lost my self, sitting upon the plain, I saw a face of such surpassing beauty, that *Jove* and *Nature* should they both contend, to make a shape of their mixt purity, could not invent a sky-born form so beautiful as she, be she a mortal, and a shepherdess, her beauty may become a Princes Court. Why may not I wedding this shepherds Queen, beget an heir that may restore my Crown? He lay my life the Oracle meant so, the stars from earthly humors gain their light, our humors from their lights possess their powers: but now the means for to obtain this prize, He send a private messenger to Court, to bid *Pallatio* with a well Armed-troop, at such a certain hour to meet me here, and lie in secret ambush 'bout the house.

I will conceal my self, and watch a time,  
To bear away this Wonder of our Clime.

*Stands aside.*

*Enter Ariadna and Tityrus after her singing, &c.*

*Tit.* Oh stay, oh turn, oh pittie me,  
that sighs, that sues for love of thee,  
Oh lack I never loved before,  
if you deny, He nere love more.

No hope no help, then wretched I,  
must loose, must lack, must pine, and die,  
Since you neglect when I implore,

*Dance.* Farewel hard, He nere love more,

*Enter Pallemon frantickly habited, dancing over the Stage, old Antimon, antick-like, Clown-like maid Marian.*

*Tit.* Here's a sight gives a fresh wound unto my love-sick heart, to think a man that was reputed wise, should loose himself in a Dedalion maze, and run mad for a woman, woman that's the cause, it is indeed happy remembrance in searching out his wound, I have cured my self, shall I see my brother wits caught in a pisse-net, and run my head into the same noose, then count me

*The Thracian Wonder.*

me for a Woodcock; no, I am now the man I was, and will still say,

*There is not any wise man,  
that fancy can a woman,  
Then never turn your eyes on  
a thing that is so common;  
For be they foul or fair,*

*They tempting devils are,  
since they first fell,  
They that love do live in Hell,  
and therefore men beware.*

*Exit.*

*Ariad.* What a distraction's this? was ever seen so strange a dotage, not in him alone, but 'tis in general? that did not grief usurp too much upon a heart suppress, 'twere mirth would move to laughter.

*Enter Enfanus like a Shepherd.*

This is no Louse sure, I know him not,  
Yet I mistrust the hanging of his head,  
He note him further; 'tis a handsom fellow.

*Ens.* This habit is most frequent in this place, He wear't for fashion sake, 't may be a means to gain a sight of the fair Shepherdess, whose beauty fills the Clime with wonderment.

*Ariad.* Alas poor man, he's troubled too in minde,  
Would I could over-hear him: how he stands!

*Ens.* I know not where to lye, and it grows late, I have not since I enter'd on these Plains, seen any creature that has humane sence. A woman first! good luck and be thy will.

*Ariad.* Why kneel you, sir?

*Ens.* Not to ask blessing, Sweet,  
That were a foul disgrace unto a Virgin.

*Ariad.* For ought you know I am a Mother, sir.

*Ens.* Would you were mine. Please you, He make you one.

*Ariad.* I thank your love sir, but I am one already.

*Ens.* Then my suit's at an end; yet one word more.

*Ariad.* What is't, sir? I'm in haste.

*Enter Radagon.*

*Ens.* No more but this, nay in your ears, lest you mis-contrue me.

*Rad.* So close and privately, then I perceive I have been too neglectful, shallow fool! that having had such opportunity, so long continuance, place, and privacy, durst never utter thy affections. When I beheld her first I fancied her, and more because she favored my dead wife, whose memory I still mourn: but since she's

### The Thracian Wonder.

she's gone, rather then loose regeneration, I could wed with her; she's fair, and may be honest, though the world deem 'em Contraries: I'm seen, and must go on.

*Ariad.* *Menalchus*! you come as wisht for: here's a stranger, Sir, that wants repose, will you for my sake allow him entrance; the night draws on, and 'twere unhospitable to deny him, you shall command as great a courtesie.

*Rad.* I doubt it not. To me y'are welcome sir, such homely Cares as a poor Cottage yields, you shall be sure to taste. Shepherds in this comes nearest to the Gods; for they allow the smallest hospitality, witness when *Baucis* feasted *Jupiter*:

*Ariad.* For that He interrupt you, you shall both before you part from hence, taste of our cheer. Whence is that aged man? pray question him, let him not go before he have relief.

*Rad.* Come nearer, father, 'tis a great wonder to see a Pilgrim wander in these parts. What Countrey-man?

*Phs.* A Roman, gentle sir, one that hath vowed in weary pilgrimage, to spend the poor remainder of his days; to such you know all places are alike.

*Ens.* How long have you continued in this Land?

*Phs.* But a small time.

*Ens.* You have not seen the Court?

*Phs.* Not yet, fair sir.

*Rad.* What should we do at Court? we have a King knows no Religion, heathens, infidels inhabit there; the poor live most secure, for as they know no good, they fear no ill; but we must not decipher. Come sit down.

*Ens.* Fair Mistress. *Ariad.* Good sir sir, this is my place.

*Menalchus* seat you. Fie, fie, complement.

*Ariad.* Here's no variety, but such as 'tis, if you can feed, y'are welcome, shepherds fare. *Ens.* We thank you.

*Rad.* Sir, fall to, y'are sad methinks.

*Phs.* Not sad, but somewhat griev'd to think report should scandalize so sweet a Continent, not onely Foreigners, but Thracians born, hate and abhor the Clime and Government, saying, it is infectious, and your King a mis-believing Tyrant, infamous.

*Ariad.* Where heard you this?

*Phs.* All *Thrace* proclaims as much.

*The Thracian Wonder*

*Rad.* I cannot tell : but trust me for, 'tis thought it was a cruel deed, not like a King, much less a Father, having but one child to banish her, and for so small a fault.

*Euf.* What was the offence? *Rad.* A customary thing, I cannot well appropriate a name.

*Ariad.* Is it so heigh? and do you shame to utter't?

*Rad.* Your presence must excuse me, otherwise I should have found a Title.

*Ariad.* Then Ile speak. It was so hainous, and so vilde a fact, the King could not in justice pardon it; 'twas a disgrace to him, shame to her Sex, dishonor to her self and Progeny. What greater infamy unto a King, than for to blot his name with baseness?

*Rad.* You speak well in the defence of Vertue, Sweet; but if such defaults should be so punish'd, we should have but few women in our kingdom: Admire the Princess in her warlike blood committed such an error, do but think what frailty is, the daies, nay more, 'tis thought that they were man and wife; if it were so, he could be little better than a Tyrant.

*Ph.* A Tyrant, nay a villain, murderer. Pray pardon me, I must and will have leave to speak my conscience, should I see the King, I'd tell him to his face he were a Tyrant. Say she did err, he was the cause on't, not suffering her to wed where she did love: What may his Subjects think, he being dead for want of Issue, they shall serve us to Turks and Infidels, if worse than he can any where be found?

*Ari.* Dost thou hear, thou hast already spoke more than thy life can ever satisfie. If that the King had known they had bin married, questionless he would have been more merciful; but that rests in suspicion, his sentence was pronounc'd as they were guilty, not as man and wife, and then what punishment can be too great? his supposed ill was too much lenity, to live had been to die a lingering death, for reputation is the life of honor, and that once lost, the Mother hates the child, curses the man she did commix withal, and like a shame-fac'd Felon, seeks to stain the face of every one that knows her guilt.

*Ph.* Admir'd it of all women, now I see There is much Vertue lives in poverty.

*Euf.* And yet methinks the mothers shame, is not to be compared

### *The Thracian Wonder.*

pared unto the injury the child sustains; for she receives her sorrowes by consent, but the poor infant guiltless of the fact, grown to maturity, shall bear the brand of Bastard by his birth, be dispossess'd of all inheritance due to the Seed that's sown in holy wedlock; if a curse belong unto the issue of base lusts, 'tis given to the child for to bestow on those that did beget him, sure I think who e're he was that wronged so fair a Dame, as your Kings Daughter, could be no true Prince, but some base upstart that deluded her, under a fained title.

*Radag.* Slave thou lyest.

*Radag strikes him with his book, she holds* Euf. *Phe.* Radagon.

*Ariad.* Had you e're a Mother sir?

*Eusa.* I cannot tell. Unhand me.

*Ariad.* For my sake, *Phe* and *whispers with* Radag. or if there be a woman in the world whom you affect, in her name I conjure ye let my tears asswage your just moved anger, it will discredit me, endanger you, if you should strike him here, Ile give you reason.

*Radag.* This is some fallery, it cannot be.

*Phe.* Now by my holy vow what I prescribe I will approve, I know you love this woman, the revelation of Celestial Orbs, the Aspects and influence of heavenly planets do direct my skill, by Palmestry and Physiognomy. I have declared to kings accidents past, portents to come, and told to what event present designs should run, what should I make experiments of Art on him that nor believes it?

*Rad.* Troth I do.

*Phe.* Then reconcile your self unto this man, let him by no means ule to visit her, for in the hour of his nativity, some powerful working star was in conjunction with too forward *Venus*, take him from her, and all th' Auxillary heavenly helps, that may give Physick to a Love-sick heart, Ile invoke to be benevolent, and e're too mortow sun, she shall be yours.

*Ariad.* See sir, he comes towards you.

*Radag.* Sir, for my rash offence I'm sorry.

*Ariad.* What would ye more good sir?

*Radag.* If you desire a further satisfaction, you shall have it.

*Euf.* How?

*Radag.* Thus.

*Euf.* 'Tis accepted.

*Phe.* This device took well. Now to my plot.

*Exit. Phe.*

*The Thracian Wonder.*

*Ariad.* I fear you are not friends yet.

*Radag.* Who not we, why should you think so? look you, we imbrace, shake hands, nay more, we will be bed-fellows, and early in the morn revisit you.

*Ariad.* Where lies the palmer? Gone, and take no leave.

*Radag.* Oh fear not him, he is provided for. Come sir, take leave and part.

*Exeunt they two.*

*Ariad.* Good rest to both, there is a fire kindled in my breast, I have not felt a flame this twenty years, betwixt these two, I stand in a dilemma, not knowing which to fancy or forsake, so equal my heart doth stand affected.

*Enter Pheander agen, and two Lords in ambush.*

*Phe.* That's she, Ile not be seen.

*Ariad.* I am resolved, since from them both I am free'd thus, Ile conclude he that first speaks shall speed.

*1 Lord.* That's I.

*2 Lord.* I.

*Ariad.* Help, help.

*1 Lord.* It is in vain to call.

*Ariad.* Oh would this hour might be my Funeral.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Antimon and Clown, Antimo's brave, antickly attired in brave clothes.*

*Ant.* A Glass, a glass, a glass, Ile trust my face no more in the fair water, 'tis not bright enough to show me in my smugness, reach a glass.

*Clow.* A Looking-glass?

*Ant.* A Looking-glass I say.

*Clow.* You shall sir presently, there's one stands under my bed.

*Ant.* Why that's a *Jordan*, fool.

*Clow.* So much the better father, 'tis but making water in't, and then you may behold your sweet Phisnomy in the cleer streams of the river *Jordan*.

*Ant.* I smell 'twill be a match.

*Clow.* If you smell a match, take heed of your nose, for a little thing will set it a fire.

*Ant.* How fits my suit? is it not spruce and neat?

*Clow.* A most impertinent suit, I assure you.

*Ant.* She cannot chuse but love me now, I'm sure old *Meno-pho* nere courted in such clothes, were it not best I should leave off some part of this my bravery, lest appearing suddenly in this bright splendor, the wenches overcome, and ravish't with my sight, fall at dissonction, and so go bi'th ears about me.

*Clow.*

*The Thracian Wonder.*

*Clo.* 'Twas well remembred, that in any case look you put off some of those glittering Weeds, until you see your Mistress, all the Maids will be stark mad to see you; do but mark when they behold you, how they'll fight for you, you'll hardly scape their fingers I'm afraid.

*Ant.* I, sayest thou so? here do thou wear 'em then,  
And give 'em me when *Mariana* comes.

*Clo.* Yes marry will I, if you can, overtake me,  
Ile court her first my self. Father, farewell.

*Ant.* Nay, but.

*Clo.* I shoot at no such Butts. Father, farewell.

*Ant.* Oh villain, have, I have sold half my Flocks.  
To buy these Clothes, and now am cheated.

*Enter Tuternus and Serena.*

See if the Rogue has not sent company to laugh at me: if *Tuternus* should see me in this shape, he would make a Ballad on't. Ile after him, and if I catch the Rascal, Ile say nothing. *Exit Ant.*

*Tit.* Yet Beauty of these fields be lets obdure,  
And stay his laboring brains of that great toyl  
In which it travels for thee.

*Serena.* Love a mad-man?

*Tit.* If he be mad, 'tis you have made him so.  
Can you not fancy your own workmanship?  
Will you not cure him whom you helps to kill?

*Serena.* Were his hurts made in the body, I have helping herbs and such choise simples, as should cure his wounds; no shepherd's knows better than my self how to restore him.  
But where that Herb or Science can ye finde,  
That hath the vertue to restore the minde?

*Tit.* Minde; he minded you too much, the more fool he,  
That man's mad that mindes any of you all;  
For you are, let me see,

Foolish, idle toys, that Nature gave unto us,

But to curb our joys, and onely to undo us;

For since *Lucretias* fall, there are none chaste at all:

Or if perchance there be, one in an Empery,

Some other malady makes her far worse than she.

Out upon ye all.

*Tuternus*



*The Thracian Wonder.*

*"I were too much to tell the follies that attend ye,  
He must love you well that can but discommend ye;  
For your deserts are such, man cannot rayle too much:  
Nor is the world so blinde, but it may easily finde,  
The body or minde tainted in woman-kinde.  
Oh, the devil take you all.*

*Ser.* Have you now done?

*Tis.* Done? 'Sfoor, if I could finde words enough, and bad enough, I'd rail at you all till to morrow morning.

*Ser.* If ye should, Ile have the last word.

I have been silent yet, vex me no more  
For if I once begin, Ile make thee mad too,  
And send thy Wits a wooll-gathering.

After thy brothers.

*Enter Radagon and Eufanius.*

*Tis.* What the devil are these women made of?

Do not think I would surcease my suir,  
But for this interruption.

*Rad.* Is there no valley, nor no mountains top  
Free from these Clamors? You see we are intercepted:  
But for these, this should have been the place.

*Euf.* Let's watch a fitter time, and spie a place of more convenience.  
*Rad.* 'Tis agreed: All friends.

*Euf.* Till then. *Rad.* Think you I meant otherwise?

*Euf.* No.

*Rad.* Well then.

*Enter Antimon running after the Clown.*

*Clo.* Oh father, well overtaken.

*Ant.* 'Tis well you are return'd sir, I was coming,  
I was e'en coming for you? How now, what are these?

*Rad.* Receive this stranger to your fellowship,  
A partner and a brother, that desires a life retired  
And if my genius prompts me not amiss,  
He will deserve our Loves.

*Tis.* However sir, to me he's welcome,  
Chiefly for your sake my love I render.

*Rad.* Pray know this man, this is the joviallest shepherd in all  
*Thrace.*

*Euf.* His Aspect speaks for him. Sir, I desire to be known  
Better

*The Thracian Wonder.*

Better to you, and you fair Dame, whose beauty adds more  
Lustre to these fields, than all that summer *Flora* can produce.

*Ser.* And these plains much honored by your presence.

*Ans.* Receive a welcome too of *Animas*.

*Clo.* And I his son Sir, welcome good partner;  
Nay good sir, I crave less of your courtesie,  
And more of your acquaintance.

*Ans.* Since we are met by chance so luckily,  
Let us proceed unto our countries pastimes,  
To give this courteous stranger entertain.

*Clo.* I, good father, let's not loose our sports in any case:

*Ser.* Whom shall we crave to call upon the Queen.

*Rad.* That office shall be mine, stay my return:

Now if the Palmer do but keep his word,  
I shall enjoy what I so long have wish'd.

*Enter a Shepherd wounded, running.*

*Hi,* what sad object's this? How earnest thou wounded?

*Clo.* Sure some sheep has bit him.

*Rad.* Speak how earnest thou hurt?

*Shep.* In rescue of our Queen, basely surprized.

*Rad.* Surprized? by whom?

*Shep.* By Thracias King, who Pilgrim-like wrapt in a russet  
weed, taking advantage when she was alone, has with a private  
ambush, stole her hence.

*Rad.* To the Court-gates let us pursue the Ravisher, his Court  
and all the powers that he can raise, shall not protect him: Plague  
upon his craft: Is this his skill in Physiognomy? Worthy friend,  
let me but call you so, and let our strife be buried in our loves:  
The Cause removed, let the effect thus die: and as our hands, so  
let our hearts unite to take revenge on this injurious king.

*Ans.* Sir, what is yet scarce man, my heart shall ripen,  
Ile stretch beyond my years and power of strength,  
But Ile assist you in this enterprize:

*Tis.* Let's muster all the shepherds to our aid,  
And fetch her back by force.

*Rad.* In the mean time, be it your charge to cure this  
Wounded Swain, that sought to rescue her.

*Ser.* Ile use my best of skill.

*Ans.*

## The Thracian Wonder.

*Ant.* Old as I am,  
He go along, and let my Mistress know,  
The King of *Thrace* makes *Antimach* his foe.

*Clown.* If I light on him handsomly, He have a bout with him  
at Quarter-staff,

*Tis.* One thing let me intreat, to draw my frantick brother to  
the field, inform him 'tis *Serena* is stoln hence, to prove if either  
terror of the Wars, his Mistress loss, or sight of death and blood,  
can win him to his wits.

*Rad.* Perswaded well,

*Clown.* What's he will take that charge?  
Marry that will I, let me alone with him,  
He put it in his page, I cannot say his brains;  
Because he has none: He fetch him presently. *Exit.*

*Rad.* Whom shall we make our General, and Leader of  
this Rabble?

*Tis.* Who but your self shall we impose to great a Charge  
upon?

*Rad.* Rather bestow it on this noble youth.

*Ens.* That warlike Charge would not become my years,  
I shall be proud to be your Soldier, sir.

*Enter Pallemon and Clown.*

*Pal.* Give me my Arms, He fetch her back agen.

*Clown.* Give you more Legs, you'l ne're o'take her selfe.

*Pal.* He leap into the Saddle of the Moon,  
And rye two Stars unto my heels, like Spurs;  
He make my warlike Lance of a Sun-beam,  
And mounted on some strange *Bucephalus*,  
Thus will I overthrow my Enemy.

*Clown.* This 'tis to keep mad-men company, that has not the  
wit to know his friends from his foes; but we shall have your  
brains beat in agen.

*Pal.* Sirrah, take the Moon, and place it me upon the Axtle-  
tree, He mount on horse-back streight.

*Clown.* The Moon's not up yet, sir, some three hours hence  
you shall be sure to have her.

*Pal.* How know you that, sir?

*Clown.* Well enough sir, 'tis a shepherd that keeps her,  
And

*The Thracian Wonder.*

And he's called *The Man in the Moon*.

*Pal.* Ile fetch a sheep-skin then to make a Drum,  
Ta, ra, ranta, ra, ran, tara, ran ran.

*Exit.*

*Rad.* He has posselt him well, let him go on.  
Now courage, Fellow-soldiers, and let's trye  
To fetch her back, or in her quarrel die.

*Exeunt.*

*Tromp. Flor.* Enter *Phaander, Lords, Drums, Colours,*  
*and Soldiers.*

*Phs.* Is't possible the number of the Swains  
Should be so many?

*2 Lord.* Full five hundred strong.

*Phs.* What's their pretence?

*1 Lord.* That's yet unknown, my Lord, unless it be to have  
their *Queen* agen.

*Phs.* How should they know 'twas we that stole her thence?

*1 Lord.* Belike the Swains that sought to rescue her, heard  
some one name the King; no other cause could give intelligence,  
'twas done so private.

*Phs.* What should we fear? Let's meet 'em in the field,  
Were their Force trebled o're, when we appear  
They'l flie like Hares that fear the Lions frowns.  
How might we do for to behold the Rebels?

*1 Lord.* They lye so low intrencht beyond the hill that fronts  
the Castle-gate, that no Prospect about the house can yield the  
least survey.

*Phs.* Let's Parley with 'em then, so we may hear what they  
pretend, and view their Regiment.

*2 Lord.* Here is a Herald to the same effect arriv'd at Court.

*Phs.* Go, bring him in, we'l hear what brave Defiance they  
have sent.

Enter old Antimon with a piece of painted Cloth, like a Herald's  
Coat, Clown sounding a Tucket before him.

Now sir, the Prologue to this bloody Tragedy.

*Ant.* I am a Herald, come to tell the King,  
That he has done a most mischievous thing:  
We had but one fair Ewe amongst our Lambs,  
And he has stoln her, with his wolvisn Rams;  
For which our Shepherds vow by force of Arms,

*The Thralion Wonder.*

To fetch her back, kill all, but do no harm:  
But if you'll set her free, they bid me say,  
They'll take her home, and so make Holiday.

*Omnes Lords.* Ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Ant.* It seems they are not angry at my words, because they laugh, I fear'd they'd draw their swords.

*Pho.* Tell 'em we render thanks for their good mirth,  
And would entreat a Parley, if they'll come  
And meet us here under the Castle-wall.

*Ant.* You would intreat 'em fairly for to come?

*Pho.* I thought as much. Go you along with him, and tell their General what you heard us say.

*2 Lord.* I shall. Come, show me to your General. *Exeunt.*

*1 Lord.* Will you in person parley with the Rout?

*Pho.* Why not?

*1 Lord.* 'Tis dangerous, for fear the Swains,  
Not knowing what belongs to Law of Arms,  
Being once cross'd, should offer violence.

*Pho.* 'Tis well advised: *Pallas* bid our Guard  
Be near our person, bring up all our Troops  
Close to the Gates, that if occasion serve,  
They may at unawares make issue forth,  
And cut off all the Rear. See it performed,  
I have a trick new crept into my brain,  
And if my Policy deceive me not,

*A march within.* Shall bring these several bodies to one head,  
And crown all my Designs with full event.  
They're coming, keep your Ranks.

*Enter all the Shepherds, Radagon, Ensamus, Titterus,  
Pallemon, Clown, Antimon.*

*Pho.* Which is the General? *Omnes.* This.

*Pho.* We would exchange some private words with him.

*Radag.* You are deceiv'd; I better understand  
The Name and Honor of a General,  
Than to disgrace it 'gainst the Law of Arms;  
Though we are not so expert as those men  
That daily practice 'em, yet you shall find  
We'll make a shift to right our injuries.

*Pho.*

### *The Thracian Wonder.*

*Pho.* 'S death! where learnst he this Discipline?  
Are Shepherds now become such Martialists?  
I see I must dissemble.

*Radag.* If you have ought to say, speak publick  
Noprivate Protestations, Bribes, nor Fears,  
Have power to convert our Resolutions.  
We need not to capitulare our Wrongs,  
They are too apparent. Let us see our Queen,  
And if she have received the smallest wrong,  
A general ruine shall o're-spread the Land;  
We'll fire thy Castles, burn up all thy Towns,  
And make a Desolation of thy people:

*Pho.* You cannot be so shallow, as to think I took her with  
a lustful appetite? This honored Badge proclaims that lust is  
past. Our seizing her was motive to your good, if you conceive  
it. List, and Ile explain it: Within our Land our foes are resi-  
dent, *Scicilla's* King, under whose Government these many years  
you have been Servitors. The reason this: When he did first in-  
vade, we found our self too weak to make resistance, and  
under shew of satisfaction we did resign to him our Dignity,  
pretending search of *Radagon* his son; which he accepted, and  
did back return to *Scicilla*, leaving Deputy to Govern here.  
And though *Pallatis* bore the name of Rule, it was by his per-  
mission. Do but weigh the servile yoke of foreign Govern-  
ment, what danger may ensue, what priviledge you loose in  
*Thrace*, if we be dispossess'd, the time of Truce expired, and  
he's returned to take possession? For without his son, our Crown  
and Kingdom both are forfeited into his hands; which yet we  
may prevent, if you'll agree to joyn your Force with ours, and  
back expulse him. We'll not onely grant your Queen her liberty,  
but we'll enlarge your former Priviledge; give you choice of  
State, Honor, and Dignity, make you Lords and Knights, and  
in remembrance of the Shepherds Wars, adde a new Festival;  
which at your charge shall yearly be performed. Consider  
on't.

*Rad.* Happy Position! thanks great Justicer,  
Occasion puts revenge into my hand,  
To think that I should be so fortunate,

*The Thracian Wonder.*

To be Commander of a Band of men,  
To war against my father, blest Evenr.

*Pho.* What's your reply?

*Clown.* Good General, consent,  
I have a foolish desire to be a Lord.

*Pho.* And what shall I be?

*Clown.* You shall be a Lord too, and if you'l be quier,  
There are a great many mad Lords.

*Pho.* What answer do you give?

*Rad.* Were it in me

To give an answer, you should soon prevail,

But 'tis a General voice; for my own part

My service, and my self I offer to you.

*Euf.* And so do I.

*Tit.* And I.

*Omnes.* So do we all.

*Pho.* A King that's thus held up can never fall.

Draw all your force within the Castle Walls,

'Tis large and spacious, and will well contain 'um.

This night we'l feast, to morrow shall be seen

Your loves to us.

*Rad.* Ours to the shepherds Queen.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Finis Actus quartii.*

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ACT. 5. SCENE. I.

Drum and Colours.

*Enter Scicilia, Lords, and Soldiers.*

*Scicil.* **I**S all our Army in a readiness,  
prepared for battel if occasion serve?

*a Lord.* They are, my Lord.

*Scicil.* This day our truce takes end, the king returned,  
And we expect our Sons delivery.

*1 Lord.* Pray heaven it be so happy, but I fear  
A worse intent, for all the way he comes

The Commons rise, shepherds and silly Swains

That never were inur'd to carry swords,

Take



*The Thracian Wonder.*

Take Arms and follow him.

*Scicil.* What's that to us?

Did he not make a vow ne're to return,  
Until he found my Son? may be he comes  
For to invest us King, and offer sacrifice  
Unto the Gods, and so conclude this weary Pilgrimage.

*1 Lord.* You speak, my Liege, as you your self would do,  
But he that dar'd to banish 'em,  
Think you he fears to violate an oath?  
'Tis ill to trust a reconciled foe,  
Be still in readiness, you do not know  
How soon he may assault us.

*Scicil.* Thou speakest but well, 'tis good to doubt the worst,  
We may in our belief be too secure;  
As King's forbidden to condemn the just,  
So Kings for safety must not blame mistrust.

*Enter 2 Lord.* Why is this haste?  
To bid you haste to Arms,  
The foe comes on, the Centinels fall off,  
The Scouts are posting up and down the Plain,  
To fetch in all the stragglers. *Thracus* King  
Has break his vow, and seeks by force of Arms  
For to expulse you.

*1 Lord.* Will ye yet give credit  
To a Tyrants oath?

*Scicil.* By you bright Sphere I vow, and if there be  
A greater punishment for perjury  
Raining on earth, then is the conscience sting,  
I will inflict it on this perjured man.

You spirits resolute 'gainst fear and death,  
You that have hitherto maintained your being  
In equal power, like Rivals to the Gods,  
Now show your Valor, let us not debate  
Our wrongs like women; for the wrath of Kings  
Is like an angry Cloud, swollen big with fire,

*Soft charge.* that speaks revenge in thunder; hark they charge.  
Bear a defiance See, the signal's given,  
Who dies in this just cause, shall live in heaven.

*The Thracian Wonder.*

Allarum. *The shepherds give the first assault, and beat off some of the Scicillian Lords.*

*Enter Eufanius driving over Scicilla.*

*Enter Radagon.*

*Rad.* The fury of this Boy will overthrow  
All my Designs ; twice since the Fight begun,  
In spite of my best Art, he has unhors'd  
My Royal Father, and the last Career  
Drew blood from his thrunk veins, yet the good old man,  
Like to an aged Oak that long hath stood,  
Endangers all that seeks to cut him down ;  
He does not bear that fearful Policy,  
That many use to fight in base disguise,  
But has a White Flag carried before him,  
Which does signifie the justice of his Cause, is innocence ;  
Or as a mark, as if a man should say,  
I am the Butt you aim at, shoot at me.  
The greatest Conquest I have won this day,  
Hath been the preservation of his Life,  
With hazard of mine own : In my pursuit,  
Thinking to place him in his Court of Guard,  
I followed him so far, that I was forced  
To make retire, for to recover breath.

*Enter Eufanius with Scicillia prisoner.*

*Euf.* Why do you sound a Retreat ? the Day is ours,  
See, here's their King, I knew him by his Ensign,  
Which I seized in spite of all opposed.  
Here General, to your hands I do commit him.  
Carry Thraces King this as a ransom for the Shepherds Queen.

*Soft Allarums.* Hark, the fight renews, one hour more makes a  
full Conquest, and Ile ne're give o're till it be finishr. *Exit.*

*Rad.* But that no fame or credit can be got to conquer Age,  
I'd scorn for to present anothers prisoner.

*Scicil.* Aged as I am, had I a sword I'd scorn as much to be  
subdued by thee.

*Rad.* That shall be tried. Here, take your Arms agen.

*Scicil.* Art thou in earnest then ? Come on ifaith. How now  
Wha

What means this, wilt thou not fight with me?

*Rad.* Yes sir, that I will, with you Ile fight,  
But never fight against you. See the man  
That thrice this day preserved you from your foe,  
And the last time I bore you off from death,  
I that man am now your Champion, do not question why?  
But rest assur'd, for you Ile live and die. *Exeunt.*

*Allarum, and the Shepherds within crying, flie, flie, &c.*

*Enter Eufanius, and all the Shepherds.*

*Euf.* What Coward's that began this fearful cry? Is not the  
day likely to be our own? Have I not taken their King Prisoner,  
seized his white Flag, and by our Generals hand sent him unto  
*Phrauder?*

*Tis.* But he's revolted, and has set him free,  
And we have ne're a General to lead us.

*Euf.* Oh Villain, Traitor, Coward, were he my father I should  
call him so: flie from his Colours. Courage, fellow Swains, let  
us not blot the Honor we have won. Want of a General, Ile  
supply that place, rather than loose so fair a Victory.

*Pall.* No, Ile be General.

*Clown.* I, I, and so you shall, and Ile be Commander over you.  
We should be led like Wilde-geese then ifaith: Wilde-geese,  
nay Woodcocks rather; for your Wilde-geese keep their Wings,  
their Front, their Rear, and have a Leader too.

*Tis.* I, I, you are the man.

*Euf.* Follow then, come. *Exeunt.*

*A great Allarum. Enter Radagon.*

*Rad.* Sound a Retrear, it is impossible to win the day,  
These Shepherds fight like devils: I saw a man born on our Len-  
ces points quite from the earth, yet when he came to ground he  
fought agen, as if his strength had bin invincible.

*A shout and* Hark how the proud foe with triumphant voice

*Flor.* Proclaims unto the world her Victory.

*Enter 2 Scisillian Lord.*

*2 Lord.* Hark how *Scisillia* with triumphant voice  
Proclaims unto the world his Victory. *Rad. Scisillia?*

*2 Lord.* I, *Scisillia.* *Sophus*, brother to the Thracian King, is  
with *Alcade* King of the Africans, come to assist you. *Rad.*

*Rad.* Give 'em entertain with all the Royal Pomp our State can yield.

*Lord.* He shall have Soldiers welcome, that's the best.

*Tromp. Flor.* Enter one way Scicillia and Lords.

*Another, Alcade, Sophos, Lillia Guida, Drums and Colours.*

*Scicil.* To give a Welcome fitting to the State of *Affrick's* King, *Sophos*, and this fair Dame, whose Beauty all the Western World admires, were to neglect a greater happiness; for by your aid fair Victory sits crowned, pluming her golden wings upon our Crest, let us not bear her back by detraction.

*Alcade.* Royal Sir, we come to fight, and not to feast; yet for this night we will repose our selves, our Troops are weary, and our beauteous Childe rests undisposed of; Let her have a Guard of *Demi-Negros*, called from either part, and let her Lodgings be place next our own, that's all we do desire.

*Scicil.* Which wee'l perform.

*Sophos.* Let the Retreat we heard at our approach, call back your powers, and early in the morn when as the daring enemy comes on; thinking to prey upon a yielding foe.

*Tromp. Flor.* Our forces shall confound 'em, *Thrass* shall know

*Retreat.* *Sophos* is here, come to perform his vow. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Pallemon wounded, Titterus, and Clown:*

*Pal.* Upon 'em, upon 'em, upon 'em, they fly, they fly, they fly.

*Clown.* I, I, they run away.

*Titter.* I am glad they are retreated, had they stood, his lack of fence had bin his loss of life, how e're he escapes it yet, come now retire.

*Pal.* He have my Love first.

*Clown.* So ho, ho boys.

*Pal.* What noise is that? are you a fouler, sir?

*Clown.* I know what belongs to a retreat sir, I was the first man took flight, and lured off the rest as well as I could.

*Pal.* Then y'are an Engineer?

*Tit.* An admirable fellow *Pallemon*, hold him in talk whilest I run for *Cerena*, and use my best perswasions to procure her gentle patience, his deep wounds to cure.

*Pal.* Come then grave *Nestor* to the Councel Table, nay, you shall see that I can speak to you.

*Clown.* And you shall hear that I can answer you.

*Pal.*

*The Thracian Wonder.*

*Pal.* You say you are a Faulconer?

*Clown.* Or a Fowler, which you please.

*Pal.* What think you, *Nestor*, if we limed our Pikes, as you your Twigs, and set 'em in the way just as the Army flies? Do you not think they would hang fast by the wings?

*Clown.* Yes, if they do not leave their wings behinde 'em, And flie away with their legs.

*Pal.* May they do so?

*Clown.* Faith I fir, 't has been the Cowards fashion time out of minde.

*Pal.* Or Father, shall's cast into the Air a gorgeless Faulcon, that mouning the bleak Region, till she spie my beauteous Love *Serena*, then souze down, and snatch her from the Army. *Joves* bird the Eagle, in her Talons bore his Darling *Ganimed* to his palace so. Speak *Nestor*, is it possible or no?

*Clown.* Very easie fir, if women be made of such light Stuff, as they say they are; besides, no Faulcon but dares venter upon a *Ring-tale*, and what's a woman else?

*Pal.* Then as stern *Pirrhous* did old *Priam* take, or stay, As cruel *Nero* wish his Mother did, Ile rip thy bowels out, then sling thee Like a gorgeless Faulcon in the Air; But first Ile tye these bells unto thy legs, That I may know which way to follow thee.

*Clown.* Nay, and you begin to meddle with my legs, Ile show you as fair a pair of heels, As e're you saw in your life.

*Pal.* Nay, flie me not, my fair *Angelisa*.

*Clown.* Put up thy Bilbow then, my mad *Orlando*.

*Pal.* Thy hand shall be the scabberd, there it is: I yield me to thy mercy, *Alexander*; Yet save my life, great *Cesar*.

*Enter Tisternus and Serena.*

*Clown.* As we are *Alexander*, we will save thy life. Come sit at *Casars* feet. So, so, now Ile Deal well enough with you.

*Tit.* Prithee have more remorse, if not for Love, For love of Life, help to redress his wounds;

*The Thracian Wonder.*

Remember 'tis for you he came thus hurt,  
Take pity on his smart.

*Seren.* Had I like power to restore his fence, as to re-cure his wounds, upon the earth I would leave no means unthought, unsought for, but I'd apply 't for his Recovery.

*Tis.* This is the tyranny we men endure,  
Women can make us mad, but none can cure.

*Seren.* Oh may I prove the first, upon my knees.  
If ever a poor Virgins Prayers were heard,  
Grant the fruition of my suit may prove  
A saving health both to his Life and Love.

*Tis.* Nay, and you go about it with such willingness,  
'Twill come to a good end sure!  
The whilest you dress his wounds, He sit and sing,  
And invoke the Gods to pity him.

*Sings.* Fair Apollo, whose bright beams;  
Cheers all the world below!

The Birds that sing the Plains that spring,

The Herbs and Flowers that grow.

Oh lend thy aid to a Swain sore oppress'd,

That his minde soon may find the doubts that force oppress'd;

And by a Maid let his harm be redress'd.

That no pain do remain in his minde to offend his wife.

*Seren.* His blood returns, rub his Pulses o're the fire,  
His Looks prescribe an Alteration.

*Clown.* Would I could hear him speak a wife word once.

*Pal.* Either the earth, or else my head turns round.

*Tis.* Lads, my poor brother.

*Seren.* Peace, disturb him not.

*Pal.* And yet methinks I do not feel such pains as I was wont  
to endure. Ha, sure I should know! Speak are not you my Love?

*Tis.* He knows her. I, tis she.

*Pal.* And you my brother?

*Tis.* True.

*Clown.* And what am I?

*Pal.* A fool.

*Clown.* But you are no mad-man now I'm sure. He that can distinguish a fool from a woman, is a wise man believe it.

*Seren.* Pallemon see; since it hath pleased the Gods, in pity of  
thy

# The Thracian Wonder

thy youth, to grant thyfence, *Serena* grants her love; and at thy feet craves pardon for her cruel injury.

*Pal.* More welcome now then ever, my *Serena*. Love that is often cross'd, at length obtained, Is sweeter far than pleasure eas'ly gained.

*Tis.* But what shall I do now? I'm gone in the Common-law, and if a Jury of women go upon me, I'm sure to be cast. I think I had best to appeal to the men first; and make them my Arbitrators.

*Clown.* Oh no, no, no, make your peace with the women first; what e're you do; for if they take the matter in hand, your men are ne're able to stand long in a Case against them.

*Tis.* Then first to you whom I have wrong'd so much, And next, to all that's here.

*Sings.* Forgive me, oh forgive me my cruel disdain,

Never poor Lover endured such pain,

As I will in my skill, your praises to sell,

And never sing either, till death rings my Knell.

Therefore no man hate a woman, for now you may prove

It lies in their powers to restore Life and Love.

Therefore no man hate a woman, for now you may prove

It lies in their powers to restore Life and Love.

Exeunt.

*A great Allarum and Excursions, then enter Eufanius and Shepherds, with Alcade, Sophos, and White moor, prisoners.*

*Euf.* The honor of thy overthrow, brave *Asor*, is due to great *Pheander* King of *Thrace*; but thy Crowns ransom does belong to me.

*Alcad.* Take Life and all, it is not worth the keeping Without Addition of a Victory.

To be a Peasants prisoner! Cursed Fate!

Why should a King be so unfortunate?

*Sophos.* Unhappy chance! Came I to *Thrace* for this, to loose both Life and Honor in the Land that gave me Life? and by a

Brother too? Black destiny! *Euf.* Some post to *Pheander*; and glad his ears with this our Victory.

*Enter 1 Th Lord.* Why come ye on so slowly? renew the fight, our King is taken prisoner by that slave, that by his falling off lost



*The Thracian Wonder.*

the last Barrel. *Enf.* Pheander taken?

*Alcade* That's some comfort yet, I hope *Scicillia* will not ransom him, till he consent unto our Liberty.

*Soph.* And if he should, he were unworthy to be term'd a King.

*Enf.* Why then let's summon 'em unto a Parley; First offer to exchange our Prisoners,

*A Parley.* And then begin the bloody Fight again.

*A Lord.* Summon a Parley then.

*Enter Scicillia, Lords, with Pheander prisoner.*

Look here *Scicillia*, since by chance of war our Thracian King is taken prisoner, to ransom him we will deliver back into your hands the great *Alcade*, *Sophos*, and this *White-moor*.

*Phe.* Three prisoners for one, detain 'em still, Ile not be ransom'd at so dear a rate.

*Alcade* And if thou shouldst, I scorn it should be so; For look what Ransom *Scicillia* sets down, Ile pay it treble o're to ransom us.

*Scicil.* We'll take no Ransom, but will set you free by force of Arms. *Enf.* Bear back the prisoners, and renew the Fight.

*Rad.* Stay, darest thou that seemest so forward, hand to hand, in single opposition end this Scife?

*Enf.* Oh were these Kings but pleased it should be so, How soon would we decide this difference?

*Scicil.* What says *Alcade*? if he be so content, Ile gladly put my Right upon his sword.

*Phe.* The like will I upon my Champion, whose unmatched valor has been well approved.

*Alcade.* I like his fair Aspect, and give consent. Mayest thou prove happy in this Enterprize.

*Rad.* Ile loose my life, or gain your liberty.

*Enf.* The like will I, or set *Pheander* free. *Exeunt.*

*Ph.* Then till the Champions be in readiness, let the Conditions be concluded on. *Pallasio*, draw the Articles for us.

*Cicil.* And you for us, if we be overcome, *Pheander* is to have his liberty, and we depart this land, resigning back all interest due by his permission, and never seek revenge for our lost Son; this as we are Royals, we'll consent unto.

*Alcad.* If *Thrace* be overcome, he shall surrender all his dignity

### *The Thracian Wonder.*

nity into our hands, which *Sophos* shall enjoy which our fair daughter, paying *Cicilly* a yearly tribute; and your Soldiers pay since their abode in *Thrace*, shall be discharged from our Exchequer.

*Phc.* This Ile add besides, because by us *Cicillia* lost a Son, who ever shall enjoy the Crown of *Thrace* shall once a year, clad in his pilgrims weeds, offer sacrifice unto the Gods, and lay his Crown down at *Cicillias* feet.

*Sopb.* And *Sophos* vows to offer up his life,

A ransom for this beaurious *African*,

If we be vanquish'd by our enemy.

*Scicil.* There's *Scicillias* hand.

*Phc.* And mine.

*Alcad.* There *Alcade*.

*Lil.* And mine?

*Sop.* And *Sophos* joyned in one.

*Thr. Lord.* A happy end crown this Contention.

*Pal.* Beseech your Graces, since this difference is to be ended by a shepherds hand, to let our Queen be set at liberty, to see the Champion that must fight for her.

*Phc.* Go fetch her forth: And now I call to minde the Oracle, that said a shepherd should restore my Crown; sure one of these will prove that happy man.

*Cicil.* The Trumpet sounds agen, let's take our seats, and see who shall obtain the victory.

*Phc.* Nay altogether now, till the last stroke make a division.

*Enter Ariadne brought in by shepherds.*

Oh the shepherds Queen!

*Alcad.* A lovely Dame! sit by our Daughters side.

*Tuckers.* The Combatants will take encouragement from your fair eyes: hark, now they come.

*Enter Radagon brought in by the Cicillian Lords, Eufanius by the shepherds, with shields pictured with Neptune riding upon the Waves.*

*Clown.* Now Boy, thrust home, 'tis for a Lady.

*Pal.* Courage fellow Swain.

*1 Lord.* The Champions are prepared, sound to the fight:

*Rad.* I for my King.

*Euf.* I for my Countries right fight.

*2 Lord.* So, recover breath.

*Phc.*

*The Thracian Wonder.*

*Pho.* What means that strange Device upon their shields? 'tis something sure concerns the Oracle, God *Nepheus* riding on the Waves of the Sea, He question them to know the meaning on't.

*Euf.* Come Sir,

*Alcad.* What meanes the King of *Thrace*?

*Pho.* To ask a question to they fight agen.

*Alcad.* Then speak aloud, we'll have no whispering.

*Pho.* I prithee tell me, 'tis to thee I speak: what hainous wrongs hast thou received from us, or good from these, that thou alone shouldst prove the chieftest Champion for our Enemy?

*Rad.* So please these Kings vouchsafe me audience, I shall tell you.

*Both.* Speak freely.

*Rad.* In brief *Phoander*, I am nor subject unto him, nor you, more then the duty of a Son allowes, tho this rude transmigration of my hair, barres me your knowledge, with the change of time, yet here behold the banisht *Radagon*.

*Cicil.* My Son? *Ariad.* My husband?

*Pho.* Shame and my Joy so struggle in my breast, I shall dissolve to air: Oh my dear childe!

*Rad.* Can it be possible that we should live so long together, and not know each other?

*Ariad.* I knew *Edonachus*, but not *Radagon*.

*Rad.* I *Mariana*, nor my beauteous wife: But what's become of my *Eufanius*, had I my childe agen, my Joy were full.

*Ariad.* Alas I lost him fourteen years ago, keeping my flocks upon the plain of *Thrace*.

*Rad.* This greater tide of Joy overcomes the less, and will not suffer me as yet to mourn.

*Soph.* Pray speak those Words agen, where did you loose him? on the Plains of *Thrace*?

*Ariad.* Indeed I did, just fourteen years ago.

*Soph.* The time, the place, how habired, and then.

*Ariad.* In a small coat made of a Panthers skin, a Garland on his head, and in his hand a hook made of a Cane.

*Soph.* The very same, the time, the place, the habit, all things just as you describe to me; that childe, I being banisht from my native soyl, found sporting in the Plains, and that's the childe I carried with me into *Africa*.

*Alcad.*

## The Thracian Wonder.

*Alc.* Was that the child you brought into the Court? what  
adverse fate had I to banish him?

*Lil.* Far worse fate had I to lose my love.

*Euf.* That child, so found so lost,  
Brought up in *Africa*, and banish thence,  
Should be my self.

*Lil.* *Eufanius*? I tis he.

*Ariad.* Oh my dear child.

*Rad.* Are you my Mother? This my father then?

*Phe.* Is this my Warlike Grand-child?

*Alc.* What wonder's this?

*Phe.* Now is the Oracle confirm'd at full.

Here is the *Wonder* being wrackt at sea,

Which *Neptune* from his Waves cast up agen.

These are the *Lions* that did guide the *Lambs*,

Living as *Shepherds*, being *Princes* born.

And these the *Seas*, whose equal valor neither *Ebbs* nor *Tides*,

But makes a stand, striving for *Victory*;

Their shields proclaim as much, whose Figure is

*Neptune* commanding of the rugged *Waves*.

And this the happy *Shepherd* from the *Plain*,

Whose fight restores me all my joys agen.

*Scit.* *Radagon*, thou shalt wear *Scicillia's* Crown.

*Phe.* *Pheanders* too, which is too small a satisfaction for the  
great wrongs he hath sustained by us.

*Rad.* Do not impose more Cares upon my head,

Until my joys be fully finished.

Good Father keep your Crown, and govern still,

And let me frolick with my beauteous Bride:

And for *Pheanders* Crown, let me intreat

My Uncle *Sophos*, Partner in our Wars,

May, if he survive, be King of *Thrace*.

*Phe.* With all my heart; and for these harmless *Shepherds*,

Whose loves have bin Co-partners in our wars, once every year

They shall be feasted in our Royal Palace,

And still this day be kept as Holiday

In the remembrance of the *Shepherds* Queen.

*Alc.*

**The Thracian Wonder.**

**Alcibiades.** 'T would ask an Age of Time to explicate all our delighes. *Ensamus*, take our Child, with her our Royal Crown of *Africa*. Thy pardon *Sophos*, for we promis'd thee.

**Sophos.** I willingly resign my Interest, Sir.

**Pho.** One forty days we'll hold a Festival  
Within the Court of *Thrace* before we part.  
When was there such a *Wonder* ever seen?

Forty years banishr, and live still a **QUEEN!**

**Exeunt.**

---

**F I N I S.**

---

If any Gentlemen please to repair to my House aforesaid, they may be furnished with all manner of English, or French Histories, Romances, or Poetry; which are to be sold, or read for reasonable Considerations.







A  
CURE  
FOR A  
CUCKOLD.

A PLEASANT  
COMEDY,

As it hath been several times Acted  
with great Applause.

---

Written by JOHN WEBSTER and  
WILLIAM ROWLEY.

---

*Placere Cupio.*

---

London, Printed by Tho. Johnson, and are to be sold by Francis  
Kirkman, at his Shop at the Sign of John Fletchers Head,  
over against the Angel-Inne, on the Back-side of  
St. Clements, without Temple-Bar. 1661.

A  
CUR  
FOR A  
CLICKOLD

A PLEASANT  
COMEDY

As it hath been several times Acted  
with great Applause

Now by JOHN W. ROSTER and  
WILLIAM ROWLEY

Placere (nisi)

London, Printed by T. W. Johnson, and sold by him, at the Sign of the Golden Ball, over against the Royal Exchange, on the Back-side of St. Clements Church, in the Strand, 1709.

## The Stationer, to the Judicious Reader.

Gentlemen,

**I** *T* was not long since I was onely a Book-Reader, and not a Book-seller, which Quality (my former Employment somewhat failing, and I being unwilling to be idle) I have now lately taken on me. It hath been my fancy and delight (ere since I knew any thing) to converse with Books; and the pleasure I have taken in those of this nature, (viz. Plays) hath bin so extraordinary, that it hath bin much to my cost; for I have been (as we term it) a Gatherer of Plays for some years, and I am confident I have more of several sorts than any man in England, Book-seller, or other: I can at any time shew 700 in number, which is within a small matter all that were ever printed. Many of these I have several times over, and intend as I sell, to purchase more; All, or any of which, I shall be ready either to sell or lend to you upon reasonable Considerations.

In order to the increasing of my Store, I have now this Tearn printed and published three, viz. This called A Cure for a Cuckold, and another called, The Thracian Wonder; and the third called, Gammer Gurtons Needle. Two of these three were never printed, the third, viz. Gammer Gurtons Needle, hath bin formerly printed, but it is almost an hundred years since. As for this Play, I need not speak any thing in its Commendation, the Authors names, Webster and Rowley, are (to knowing men) sufficient to declare its worth: several persons remember the Acting of it, and say that it then pleased generally well; and let me tell you, in my judgement it is an excellent old Play. The Expedient of Curing a Cuckold (after the manner set down in this Play) hath bin tried to my knowledge, and therefore I may say Probatum est. I should, I doubt, be too tedious, or else I would say somewhat in defence of this, and in Commendation of Plays in general, but I question not but you have read what abler Pens than mine have writ in their Vindication. Gentlemen, I hope you will so encourage me in my beginnings, that I may be induced to proceed to do you service, and that I may frequently have occasion in this nature, to subscribe my self

Your Servant,  
Francis Kirkman.



## Dramatis Personæ,

**W**oodroff, a Justice of the Peace, Father to *Annabel*.

*Franckford* a Merchant, Brother in Law to *Woodroff*.

*Lessingham* a Gentleman, in love with *Clare*.

*Bonville* a Gentleman, the Bridegroom and Husband to *Annabel*.

*Raymond*,

*Eustace*,

*Lyonel*, and

*Grover*,

*Rochfield*, a young Gentleman, and a Thief.

*Compass*, a Sea-man.

*Pettifog*, and

*Dodge*,

*A Councillor*.

*Two Clients*.

*Two Boys*.

*A Sailor*.

*Luce* Wife to *Franckford*, and Sister to *Woodroff*.

*Annabel* the Bride, and Wife to *Bonville*.

*Clare*, *Lessingham's* Mistress.

*Nurse*, Wife to *Compass*.

*Nurse*.

*A Waiting-woman*.

} Gallants invited to the Wedding.

} two Attorneys.



# A CURE for a CUCKOLD.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Lessingham and Clara.*

**L**ess. This is a place of feasting and of joy, and as in Triumphs and Ovarions here, nothing save merr and pleasure.

*Clara.* 'Tis confest.

*Less.* A day of Mirth and solemn Jubile.

*Clara.* For such as can be merry.

*Less.* A happy Nuptial, since a like pair of Fortunes suitable, equality in Birth, parity in years, and in affection no way different, are this day sweetly coupled.

*Clara.* 'Tis a Marriage.

*Less.* True Lady, and a noble president me thinks for us to follow: why should these our strip us in our loves, that have not yet our-gone us in our time. If we thus loose our best, and not to be recovered hours unprofitably spent, we shall be held meer Trewants in Loves school.

*Clara.* That's a study in which I never shall ambition have to become graduate.

*Less.* Lady, you are sad: this Jovial Meeting puts me in a spirit to be made such. We two are Guests invited, and meet by purpose, not by accident; where's then a place more opportunately fit, in which we may sollicit our own Loves, than before this example?

*Clara.* In a word, I purpose not to marry.

*Less.* By your favor, for as I ever to this present hour have studied your observance, so from henceforth I now will study plainness; I have loved you beyond my self, mis-spended for you like many a fair hour, which might have been employed to pleasure, or to profit, have neglected duty to them from whom my being came, my parents; but my hopeful fancies most, I have stol'n time from all my choice delights, and robb'd my

## A Cure for a Cuckold.

self thinking to enrich you. *Marches* I have had offered, *Sum* have told me to fall, as rich, I never thought on to; and for all these in hope to finde out you, resolve me then for Christian charity. Think you to Answer of that from a *more* is a sufficient satisfaction for so many more then needful services?

*Clare.* I have said, Sir.

*Less.* Whence might this distaste arise? Be at least so kinde to perfect me in that: Is it of some dislike lately conceived of this my person, which perhaps may grow from calumny and scandal? if not that, some late received Melancholy in you, if neither, your perverse and peevish will, to which I most imply it.

*Clare.* Be it what it can, or may be, thus it is, And with this Answer pray rem satisfied.

In all these travels, windings, and indentures,  
Paths, and by-paths which many have sought out,  
There's but one onely road, and that alone  
To my fruition; which who so findes out,  
'Tis like he may enjoy me: but that failing,  
I ever am mine own.

*Less.* Oh name it, Sweet, I am already in a Labyrinth until you guide me out.

*Clare.* Ile to my Chamber,  
May you be pleased, unto your mis-spent time  
To add but some few minutes. By my Maid  
You shall hear further from me.

*Exit.*

*Less.* Ile attend you.

What more can I desire, than be resolv'd  
Of such a long suspense. Here's now the period  
Of much expectation.

*Raym.* What? you alone  
Retired to privacy,  
Of such a goodly confluence, all prepared  
To grace the present Nuptials?

*Enter Raymond, Eustace, Lyonel,  
and Greuter, Gallants.*

*Less.* I have heard some say, men are ne're last alone, then  
when alone, such power hath meditation.

*Eng.* Oh these choice Beauties that are this day assembled!  
But of all, fair *Mistress Clare*, the Bride excepted still, she bears  
away the prize.

*Lyon.*

*Oh Care for a Child.*

*Lyon.* And worthily; for, setting off her present melancholly, she is without taxation.

*Grev.* I conceive the cause of her so sudden discontent.

*Raym.* 'Tis far out of my way.

*Grev.* He speak it then: In all estates, professions, or degrees in Arts or Sciences, there is a kinde of Emulation; likewise so in this: There's a Maid this day married, a choice Beauty. Now Mrs. *Clare*, a Virgin of like Age, and Fortunes correspondent, apprehending time lost in her that's in another gained, may upon this. For who knows womens thoughts grow into this deep sadness?

*Raym.* Like enough.

*Less.* You are pleasant, Gentlemen, — Or else perhaps, though I know many have pursued her Love;

*Grev.* (And you amongst the rest) with pardon Sir, Yet she might cast some more peculiar eye On some that not respects her.

*Less.* That's my fear which you now make your sport.

*Wom.* A Letter, Sir.

*Wom.* My Mistress.

*Less.* She has kept her promise; and I will read it, though I in the same know my own death included.

*Wom.* Fare you well, Sir.

*Less.* Prove all thy friends, finde out the best and nearest,

Kill for my sake that Friend thou loves the dearest.

Her servant, nay her hand and character, All meeting in my ruine! Read agen,

Prove all thy Friends, finde out the best and nearest,

Kill for my sake that Friend thou loves the dearest.

And what might that one be? 'Tis a strange difficulty, And it will ask much counsel.

*Raym.* *Lessingham* hath left us on the sudden.

*East.* Sure the occasion was of that Letter sent him.

*Lyon.* It may be it was some Challenge.

*Grev.* Challenge, never dream it: Are such things sent by Women?

*Raym.* 'Twere an Heretic To conceive but such a thought.



*Measure for Measure*

*Lyon.* Tush, all the difference  
Begot this day, must be at night decided  
Berwick, the Bride and Bridegroom. Here both come!  
*Wood.* What did you call the Gentleman we met?  
But now in some distraction?

*Don.* *Lessingham*: A most approv'd and noble friend of mine,  
and one of our prime Guests.

*Wood.* He seemed to me  
Somewhat in minde discompos'd. What content  
Those private humors pursue in publick Mirth  
In such a time of Revels?

*Mistress Clare.* I miss her too. Why Gallants, have you suffered her  
Thus to be lost amongst you?

*Anna.* Dinner done, unknown to any, she retir'd her self:  
*Wood.* Sick of the Maid perhaps, because she seer

You Mistress Bride, her School- and Play-fellow  
So suddenly turned Wife.

*Franck.* 'Twas shrewdly guest.

*Wood.* Go finde her out. Fie Gentlemen, within!  
The Musick plays unto the silent walls,

And no man there to grace it: when I was young,  
At such a Meeting I have so bestid me,

Till I have made the pale Green-sickness Girls  
Blush like the Rubies, and drop pearls apace

Down from their Ivory foreheads: In those days  
I have cut Capers thus high: Nay, in Gentlemen,

And single out the Ladies. *Raym.* Well advised. Nay Mrs. Bride, you shall along with  
us; for without you all's nothing.

*Anna.* Willingly, with Mr. Bridegrooms leave.

*Don.* Oh my best Joy, this day I am your servant.

*Wood.* True, this day; she his, her whole life after, so it should  
be: onely this day, a Groom to do her service, for which the full

remainder of his age he may write Matthew: I have done it, yer,  
and so I hope Will shall do. Sister *Luce*, may I presume my brother

*Franck* for can say as much, and truly. *Luce.* Sir, he may, I freely give him leave.  
*Wood.* Observe that brother, she freely gives you leave.

*A Cure for a Cuckold.*

Bar who gives leave, the Master or the servant?

*Franck.* You'r pleasant, and it becomes you well, but this day most; for having but one Daughter, have bestowed her to your great hope and comfort.

*Wood.* I have one: would you could say so, Sister; but your barrenness hath given your husband freedom, if he please, to seek his pastime elsewhere.

*Lucy.* Well, well brother, though you may count me that have never yet been blest with issue, spare my husband pray, for he may have a By-blow, or an Heir that you never heard of.

*Franck.* Oh fie wife, make not my fault too publick.

*Lucy.* Yet himself keep within compass.

*Franck.* If you love me, Sweet. *Lucy.* Nay I have done.

*Wood.* But if he have not, Wench; I would be bad; the hurt I wish you both. Prithce, chime in a little.

*Nurse.* Your boy grows up, and 'tis a chopping Lad, A man even in the Cradle.

*Fran.* Softly Nurse:

*Nurse.* One of the forwardst infants, how it will crow And chirrup like a Sparrow! I fear shortly it will breed teeth, You must provide him therefore a Corral; with a Whistle and a Chain.

*Fran.* He shall have any thing.

*Nurse.* He's now quite out of Blankets.

*Fran.* There's a Piece, provide him what he wants, onely good Nurse prithce at this time be silent.

*Nurse.* A Charm to binde any Nurser's tongue that's living.

*Wood.* Come, we are mist among the younger Priye,

Gravity oft-times becomes the sports of youth; especially

At such Solemnities, and it were sin

Not in our Age to show what we have bin.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lessingham said, with a Letter in his hand.*

*Less.* *Amicitia nihil dedit natura nisi nec pariter;* So saith my Author. If then powerful Nature in all her bounties shew'd upon mankind, found none more rare and precious than this one we call Friendship, oh to what a Monster would this trans-shape me, to be made that he to violate such goodness! To kill any had been a sad Injunction, but a Friend! nay, of all Friends the most approved! A Task, till this day could never parallel. And yet this woman ha's a power of me beyond all

ver-

*A Case for a Cause.*

vertue, vertue, almost grace. — What might her hidden purpose be in this? unless she apprehend some fantastic that no such thing ba's being: — and as hated and claims to. Crowns are worn out of the world, so the name Friend? 'T may be 'twas her conceit. I have tryed those that have professed much for coin; nay sometimes lighter courtesies, yet found 'em cold enough, — so perhaps she, which makes her thus opinion'd. — If in the former, and therefore better days, 'twas held so rare, who knows but in these last and worse times, it may be now with justice banish'd th' earth. I'm full of thoughts, and this my troubled breast distemper'd with a thousand fantasies, something I must resolve. I'll first make proof if such a thing there be; which having found, 'Twixt Love and Friendship 'twill be a brave Fight, To prove in man which claims the greatest right.

*Enter Raymond, Eustace, Lyonel, and Grov.*

*Raym.* What, Master, Leasingham?

You that were wont to be compos'd of mirth,  
All spirit and fire. — Alacrity it self, like the lustre of a late bright shining Sun, now wraps in clouds and darkness!

*Lyon.* Princes be merry,  
Thy dulness sads the half part of the house;  
And deads that spirit which thou wast wont to quicken,  
And half spent to give Life too.

*Less.* Gentlemen, such as have cause for sport, I shall with ever  
To make of it the present benefit  
While it exists: — Content is still short breathed,  
When it was mine I did so. If now yours,  
I pray make your best use on't.

*Lyon.* Riddles and Paradoxes:  
Come, come, some Crochers come into thy pare,  
And I will know the cause on't.

*Grov.* So will I, or I protest we'll leave thee.

*Eust.* 'Tis a business proper to my self, — one that concerns no second person.

*Grov.* How's that? not a friend?

*Less.* Why, is there any such?

*Grov.* Do you question that? what do you take me for?

*Eust.* I Sir, or me? 'Tis many moneths ago since we betwixt

us, intending'd that name, and of my part we're broken:  
*Lyon.* Truth, not mine.

*Raym.* If you make question of a Friend, I pray  
Number not me the last in your accompr.  
That would be crown'd in your opinion first.

*Less.* You all speak nobly. But amongst you all  
Can such a one be found?

*Raym.* Not one amongst us, but would be proud to wear the  
character of noble Friendship. In the name of which, and of all  
us here present, I intreat, expose to us the grief that troubles you.

*Less.* I shall, and briefly: If over Gentleman sunk beneath  
scandal, or his reputation never to be recovered; suffered; and  
for want of one whom I may call a Friend, then mine is now in  
danger.

*Raym.* I'll redeem't, though with my life's dear hazard.

*Enst.* I pray Sir, be to us open-breasted.

*Less.* Then 'tis thus: There is to be performed a Monachy-  
Combar, or Duel, Time, Place, and Weapon agreed betwixt  
us. Had it toucht my self, and my self only, I had then been  
happy; but I by composition am engag'd to bring with me my  
Second, and he too, not as the Law of Combar is, to stand aloof  
and see fair play, bring off his friend, but to engage his person;  
both must fight, and either of them dangerous.

*Enst.* Of all things, I do not like this fighting.

*Less.* Now Gentlemen, of this so great a courtesy  
I am at this instant meely destitute.

*Less.* By eight a clock to morrow.

*Raym.* How unhappily things may fall out, I am just at that  
hour upon some late conceived Discontents, to atone me to my  
father, otherwise of all the rest you had commanded me your  
Second, and your Servant.

*Lyon.* Pray the Place?

*Less.* Callit Sands.

*Lyon.* It once was fatal to a friend of mine, and a near kin-  
man, for which I vowed then, and deeply too, never to see that  
ground: But if it had been elsewhere, one of them had before  
mine been with me.

*Enst.* What's the weapon?

*Less.* Single sword.

*Enst.* Of all that you could name,

A thing

A thing I never promis'd, — Had it been Rapier or that, and  
Ponyard, where men use rather sleights than force, I had been then  
your Man; being young, I strained the sinews of my arms, since  
then to me 'twas never serviceable.

*Enst.* In troth Sir, had it been a money-matter,  
I could have stood your friend; but as for fighting  
I was ever out at that.

*Less.* Well, farewell Gentlemen, *Exeunt Gallants.*  
But where's the Friend in all this? Is she his wife, to  
And knows there's no such thing beneath the moon  
I now applaud her judgement.

*Ben.* Why how now friend, this Discontent which now  
Is so unseason'd, makes me question what  
I ne're durst doubt before, your Love to me,  
Doth it proceed from Envy of my Bliss  
Which this day crowns me with? Or have you been  
A secret Rival in my happiness?  
And grieve to see me owner of those Joys,  
Which you could wish your own?

*Less.* Banish such thoughts, for I find you  
Or you shall wrong the truest faithful Friendship  
Man e're could boast of, oh mine honor, Sir,  
'Tis that which makes me wear this brow of sorrow  
Were that free from the power of Calumny  
But pardon me, that being now a dying  
Which is so near to man, if part we cannot  
With pleasant looks.

*Ben.* Do but speak the burthen, and I proress to take it off from  
you, and lay it on my self.

*Less.* 'Twere a request, impudence without blushing could not  
ask, it bears with it such injury.

*Ben.* Yet must I know.

*Less.* Receive it then. — But I intreat you sir, not to imagine  
that I apprehend a thought to further my intent by you, from you  
is least suspected.

— To set my fortune to the certain Quar-  
rel with a Gentleman, the Field betwixt us challeng'd;  
place and time, and there to be performed not without Seconds.  
I have rely'd on many seeming friends, but cannot blame my me-  
mory

*Signature for a Challenge.*

mony with one dares venter in my Quarrel.

*Bon.* Is this all?

*Less.* It is enough to make all temperance  
Convert to fury. — Sir, my Reputation  
(The life and soul of Honor) is at stake,  
In danger to be lost. — The word of *Coward*  
Still printed in the name of *Lesingham*.

*Bon.* Not while there is a *Bonville*. — May I live poor,  
And die despised, not having one sad friend  
To wait upon my Hearse, if I survive  
The ruine of that Honor. — Sir, the time?

*Less.* Above all spare me — for that once known,  
You'll cancel this your promise, and unsay  
Your friendly proffer. — Neither can I blame you,  
Had you confirmed it with a thousand Oaths,  
The Heavens would look with mercy, not with justice  
On your offence, should you enfringe 'em all.  
Soon after Sun-rise upon *Callis-sands*,

To morrow we should meet — now to deferre  
Time one half hour, I should but forfeit all.  
But Sir, of all men living, this alas  
Concerns you least; — For shall I be the man  
To rob you of this nights felicity,

And make your Bride a Widow, — her soft bed  
No witness of those joys this night expects?

*Bon.* I still preferre my friend before my pleasure,  
Which is not lost for ever — but adjourned  
For more mature employment.

*Less.* Will you go then?

*Bon.* I am resolved I will.

*Less.* And instantly? *Bon.* With all the speed celerity can make.

*Less.* You do not weigh those inconveniences this Action  
meets with. — Your departure hence will breed a strange distra-  
ction in your friends, distrust of Love in your fair vertuous Bride,  
whose eyes perhaps may never more be blest with your dear sight:  
since you may meet a grave, and that not amongst your noble An-  
cestors, but amongst strangers, almost enemies.

*Bon.* This were enough to shake a weak resolve,  
It moves not me. Take horse as secretly

*A Care for a Careful.*

As you well may: my Groom shall make mine ready.  
With all speed possible, unknown to any. *Enter Annabel.*

*Less.* But Sir, the Bride.

*An.* Did you not see the Key that's to unlock my Casket  
and Bracelets? Now in troth I am afraid 'tis lost.

*Bon.* No Sweet, I ha't: I found it lye at random in your  
Chamber, and knowing you would miss it, laid it by: 'tis safe I  
warrant you.

*An.* Then my fear's past: but till you give it back, my Neck  
and Arms are still your Prisoners.

*Bon.* But you shall finde they heve a gentle Jaylor.

*An.* So I hope. Within y'are much enquired af.

*Bon.* Sweet, I follow. *Dover?*

*Less.* Yes, that's the place.

*Bon.* If you be there before me, hire a Barque, I shall not fail  
to meet you. *Exeunt.*

*Less.* Was ever known a man so miserably blest as I? I have  
have no sooner found the greatest good, man in this pilgrimage of  
Life can meer, but I must make the womb where 'twas concei-  
ved, the Tomb to bury it, and the first hour it lives,  
The last it must breath? Yet there's a Fate  
That sways and governs above woman's hate. *Exit.*

*Explicit. Act. I.*

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*Actus secundus. Scena prima.*

*Enter Rockfield a young Gentleman.*

*Rock.* **A** Younger Brother? 'tis a poor Calling (though not  
unlawful) very hard to live on; the elder sook inhe-  
rits all the Lands, and we that follow Legacies of Wit, and get  
'em when we can too. Why should Law (if we be lawful and  
legitimate) leave us without an equal dividend? Or why com-  
pels it not our Fathers else to cease from getting, when they  
want to give? No sure, our Mothers will ne're agree to that,  
they love to groan, although the Gallows eccho and groan to-  
gether for us. From the first we travel forth, 't'other's our jour-  
neys end. I must forward, to beg is out of my way, and bor-  
rowing



*A Cure for a Cuckold.*

rowing is out of date : The old road, the old high-way 't must be, and I am in't, the place will serve for a yong beginner, for this is the first day I set ope shop ; success then sweet *Learners*, I have heard that Thieves adore thee for a Deity. *Enter Annabel and a servant.*  
I would not purchase by thee, but to ear,  
And 'tis too churlish to deny me meat.  
Soft, here may be a booty.

*An.* Hor'd, sayest thou ?

*Ser.* Yes Mistress, with *Lessingham*.

*An.* Alack, I know not what to doubt or fear, I know not well whether 't be well or ill : but sure it is no custom for the Groom to leave his Bride upon the Nuptial day. I am so yong and ignorant a Scholar, yes, and it proves so : I talk away perhaps that might be yet recovered. Prithee run, the fore-path may advantage thee to meet 'em, or the Ferry which is not two miles before, may trouble 'em until thou comest in ken, and if thou dost, prithee enforce thy voice to overtake thine eyes, cry out, and crave for me but one word 'fore his departure. I will not stay him, say, beyond his pleasure ; nor rudely ask the cause, if he be willing to keep it from me. Charge him by all the love. But I stay thee too long. Run, run.

*Ser.* If I had wings I would spread 'em now, Mistress. *Exit.*

*An.* He make the best speed after that I can,  
Yet I am not well acquainted with the path :  
My fears I fear me will misguide me too. *Exit.*

*Roch.* There's good moveables I perceive, what ere the ready Coin be, who ever owes her, she's mine now : the next ground has a most pregnant hollow for the purpose. *Exit.*

*Enter servant running over. Enter Annabel, after her Rochfield.*

*An.* I'm at a doubt already where I am.

*Roch.* He help you, Mistress, well overtaken.

*An.* Defend me goodness. What are you ? *Roch.* A man.

*An.* An honest man, I hope.

*Roch.* In some degrees hot, not altogether cold,  
So far as rank poison, yet dangerous  
As I may be dress't : I am an honest thief.

*An.* Honest and Thief hold small affinity, I never heard they were a kin before, pray Heaven I finde it now.

*A Cure for a Cuckold.*

*Roch.* I tell you my name:

*An.* Then honest thief, since you have taught me so, for Ile enquire no other, use me honestly.

*Roch.* Thus then Ile use you : First then to prove me honest, I will not violate your Chastity, (that's no part yet of my profession) be you Wife or Virgin.

*An.* I am both, Sir.

*Roch.* This then it seems should be your Wedding-day, and these the hours of interim to keep you in that double state. Come then, Ile be brief, for Ile not hinder your desired *Hymen* : You have about you some superfluous Toys ; which my lanck hungry pockets would contrive with much more profit, and more privacy ; you have an idle Chain which keeps your Neck a Prisoner, a Mannacle I take it, about your wrist too. If these prove Emblems of the combined Hemp to halter mine, the Fares take their pleasure, these are set down to be your Ransom, and there the Thief is proved.

*An.* I will confess both, and the last forget ; you shall be only honest in this deed. Pray you take it, I intreat you to it, and then you steal 'em not.

*Roch.* You may deliver 'em.

*An.* Indeed I cannot : if you observe, Sir, they are both lock'd about me, and the Key I have not ; happily you are furnish'd with some instrument, that may unloose 'em.

*Roch.* No in troth, Lady, I am but a Fresh-man, I never read further than this Book you see, And this very day is my beginning too : These picking Laws I am to study yet.

*An.* Oh, do not show me that, Sir, 'tis too frightful : Good, hurt me not, for I do yield 'em freely : Use but your hands, perhaps their strength will serve To tear 'em from me without much detriment, Somewhat I will endure.

*Roch.* Well, sweet Lady, y<sup>e</sup> are the best Patient for a young Physician, that I think e're was practis'd on. Ile use you as gently as I can, as I'm an honest Thief. No ? wilt not do ? do I hurt you, Lady ?

*An.* Not much, Sir.

*Roch.* I'd be loath at all, I cannot do't. *She draws his sword*

*An.*

*A Cure for a Cuckold.*

*An.* Nay then you shall nor, Sir. You a Thief,  
And guard your self no better? No further read?  
Yet out in your own book? A bad Clerk, are you not?

*Roch.* By Saint Nicholas, Lady, sweet Lady.

*An.* Sir, I have now a Masculine vigor, and will redeem my  
self with purchase too. What money have you?

*Roch.* Not a cross, by this foolish hand of mine.

*An.* No money. 'Twere pity then to take this from thee: I  
know thou'lt use me ne're the worse for this, take it agen, I know  
not how to use it: A frown had taken't from me, which thou hadst  
not. And now hear and believe me, on my knees I make the  
Protestation, Forbear to take what violence and danger must  
dissolve, if I forgo 'em now, I do assure you would not strike my  
head off for my Chain, nor my hand for this, how to deliver 'em  
otherwise I know not; Accompany me back unto my house, 'tis  
not far off, by all the Vows which this day I have tyed unto my  
wedded husband, the honor yet equal with my Cradle puritie (if  
you will tax me) to the hoped joys the blessings of the bed, poster-  
ity, or what ought else by woman may be pledg'd, I will deli-  
ver you in ready Coin, the full and dearest esteem of what you  
crave.

*Roch.* Ha, ready money is the prize I look for, it walks with-  
out suspicion any where, when Chains and Jewels may be stay'd  
and call'd before the Constable: But,

*An.* But? Can you doubt? You saw I gave you my advan-  
tage up: Did you e're think a woman to be true?

*Roch.* Thought's free. I have heard of some few, Lady,  
Very few indeed.

*An.* Will you adde one more to your belief?

*Roch.* They were fewer than the Articles of my Belief; there-  
fore I have room for you, and will believe you. Stay: you'll ran-  
som your Jewels with ready Coin, so may you do, and then dis-  
cover me.

*An.* Shall I reiterate the Vows I made  
To this in'unction, or new ones coyn?

*Roch.* Neither. Ile trust you: if you do destroy a Thief that  
never yet did Robbery, then farewell I, and mercy fall upon me.  
I knew one once fifteen years Courier, owl'd, and he was bu-  
ried

*A Cure for A Spoil'd.*

ried e're he took a Bribe: it may be my case in the worse way.  
Come, you know your path back.

*An.* Yes, I shall guide you.

*Roch.* Your arm, He lead with greater dread than will,  
Nor do you fear, tho in chiefs handling still. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two Boys, one with a child in his arms.*

1 *Boy.* I say 'twas fair play.

2 *Boy.* To snatch up stakes: I say you should not say so, if the  
childe were out of mine arms.

1 *Boy.* I then thou'lt say about like a man, but the childe will  
not be out of thine arms this five years, and then thou hast a pren-  
ciship to serve to a boy afterwards. *Enter Compass.*

2 *Boy.* So fir, you know you have the advantage of me.

1 *Boy.* I'm sure you have the odds of me, you are two to one.  
But soft *Jack*, who comes here? if a Point will make us friends,  
we'll not fall out.

2 *Boy.* Oh the piry, 'tis *Gaffer Compass*! They said he was  
dead three years ago.

1 *Boy.* Did not he dance the *Hobby-horse* in *Hackney-Moor* once?

2 *Boy.* Yes, yes, at *Green-goose Fayr*, as honest and as poor a man,

*Comp.* *Black-wall*, sweet *Black-wall*, do I see thy white cheeks  
again? I have brought some Brine from sea for thee: tears that  
might be tyed in a True-love Knot, for they'r fresh salt indeed.  
Oh beautiful *Black-wall*! if *Urse* my wife be living to this day,  
though she die to morrow, sweet Fates!

2 *Boy.* Alas, let's put him out of his dumps for piry sake:  
Welcome home, *Gaffer Compass*, welcome home, *Gaffer*.

*Compass.* My pretty youths, I thank you. Honest *Jack*? what a  
little man art thou grown since I saw thee? Thou hast got a child  
since, methinks.

2 *Boy.* I am fain to keep it, you see, whosoever got it, *Gaffer*:  
it may be another mans case as well as mine.

*Comp.* Say't true, *Jack*: and whose pretty knave is it?

2 *Boy.* One that I mean to make a younger brother if he live  
to't, *Gaffer*. But I can tell you news: You have a brave Boy of  
your own wifes: oh 'tis a shot to this pig.

*Comp.* Have I *Jack*? He ow thee a dozen of Points for this news

2 *Boy.*

*My Care for a Child.*

2 Boy. Oh 'tis a chopping Boy ! it cannot chuse you know, Gaffer, it was so long a breeding.

Comp. How long, Jack ?

2 Boy. You know 'tis four year ago since you went to sea, and your childe is but a Quarter old yet.

Comp. What plaguy boys are bred now adays ?

1 Boy. Pray Gaffer, how long may a childe be breeding before 'tis born ?

Comp. That is as things are and prove, childe ; the soy has a great hand in't too, the Horizon, and the Climate ; these things you'll understand when you go to sea. In some parts of London hard by, you shall have a Bride married to day, and brought to Bed within a moneth after, sometimes within three weeks, a fortnight.

1 Boy. Oh horrible.

Comp. True as I tell you Lads : in another place you shall have a couple of Drones, do what they can, shift Lodgings, Beds, Bed-fellows, yet not a childe in ten years.

2 Boy. Oh pitiful.

Comp. Now it varies agen by that time you come at Whipping, Radcliff, Bynhouse, and here with us at Black-wall, our churden come uncertainly, as the wind serves : sometimes here we are supposed to be away three or four year together, 'tis nothing so ; we are at home and gone agen, when no body knows on't : if you'll believe me, I have been at Surra as this day, I have taken the Long-boat (a fair Gale with me) been here a bed with my wife by twelve a Clock at night ; up and gone agen i'th morning and no man the wiser, if you'll believe me.

2 Boy. Yes, yes Gaffer, I have thought so many times that you or somebody else have been at home, I lye at next wall, and I have heard a noise in your chamber all night long.

Comp. Right, why that was I, yet thou never saw'st me.

2 Boy. No indeed, Gaffer.

Comp. No, I warrant thee, I was a thousand leagues off e're thou wert up. But Jack, I have been loath to ask all this while for discomf'ring my self, how does my wife ? is she living ?

2 Boy. Oh never better, Gaffer, never so lusty, and chusy she wears better clothes than she was wont in your days, especially on Holidays, fair Gowns, brave Petticoats, and fine Smocks, they say that have seen 'em ; and some of the neighbors reports  
that

*A Care for a Custold.*

that they were taken up at *Lardon*.

*Comp.* Like enough: they must be paid for, *Jacks*:

*a Boy.* And good reason, *Gaffer*.

*Comp.* Well *Jacks*, thou shalt have the honor on't, go tell my wife the joyful tidings of my return.

*a Boy.* That I will, for she heard you were dead long ago. *Exit*

*a Boy.* Nay sir, He be as forward as you, by your leave. *Exit.*

*Comp.* Well wife, if I be one of the Livery, I thank thee,

The Horners are a great Company, there may be

An Alderman amongst us one day, 'tis but changing

Our Copy, and then we are no more to be called

By our old Brother-hood.

*Enter Compass his wife.*

*Wife.* Oh my sweet *Compass*, art thou come agen?

*Comp.* Oh *Wife*, give me leave to shed, the fountain of Love  
Will have their course; though I cannot sing at first sight,  
Yet I can cry before I see. I am new come into the world,  
And children cry before they laugh, a fair while.

*Wife.* And so thou art, sweet *Compass*, new born indeed; for  
Rumor laid thee out for dead long since, I never thought to see  
this face agen. I heard thou wert div'd to th' bottom of the sea,  
and taken up a Lodging in the Sands, never to come to *Black-wall*  
agen.

*Comp.* I was going indeed wife, but I turn'd back: I heard an  
ill report of my neighbors, Sharks and Sword-fishes, and the like,  
whose companies I did not like: come kiss my tears now sweet  
*Wife*, sorrow begins to ebb.

*Wife.* A thousand times welcome home, sweet *Compass*.

*Comp.* An Ocean of thanks, and that will hold 'em: and *Wife*,  
how goes all at home? or cannot all go yet? Lanck still? will't  
never be full Sea at our Wharf?

*Wife.* Alas, husband.

*Comp.* A lass or a lad, wench, I should be glad of both: I did  
look for a pair of *Compasses* before this day.

*Wife.* And you from home?

*Comp.* I from home? why though I be from home, and other  
of our neighbors from home, it is not fit all should be from home,  
so the town might be left desolate; and our neighbors of *Bow*  
might come further from the *Tram*, and inhabit here.

*Wife.*

*A Cure for a Cuckold.*

*Wife.* I'm glad y are merry, sweet husband.

*Comp.* Merry? nay, He be merrier yet, why should I be forry? I hope my boy 's well, is he not? I look for another by this time.

*Wife.* What boy, husband?

*Comp.* What boy? why the boy I got when I came home in the Cock-boat one night, about a year ago? you have not forgotten, I hope? I think I left behinde for a boy, and a boy I must be answer'd: I'm sure I was not drunk, it could be no girl.

*Wife.* Nay then I do perceive my fault is known. Dear man, your pardon.

*Comp.* Pardon. Why thou hast not made away my boy, hast thou? He hang thee if there were ne're a whore in London more, if thou hast hurt but his little toe.

*Wife.* Your long absence, with rumor of your death, After long battery I was surprized.

*Comp.* Surprized? I cannot blame thee: *Black-wall*, if it were double black-walled, can't hold out always, no more than *Lymhouse*, or *Shadwell*, or the strongest Suburbs about London, and when it comes to that, woe be to the City too.

*Wife.* Pursued by gifts and promises I yielded: Consider husband, I am a woman, neither the first nor last of such Offenders, 'tis true, I have a child.

*Comp.* Ha, you? and what shall I have then I pray? will not you labor for me as I shall do for you? Because I was out o'th way when 'twas gotten, shall I loose my share? There's better Law amongst the Players yet; for a fellow shall have his share though he do not play that day: if you look for any part of my fours Years wages, I will have half the boy.

*Wife.* If you can forgive me, I shall be joyed at it.

*Comp.* Forgive thee, for what? for doing me a pleasure? and what is he that would seem to father my child?

*Wife.* A man sir, whom in better courtesies we have been beholding too: the Merchant, Mr. *Franckford*.

*Comp.* He acknowledge no other courtesies: for this I am beholding to him, and I would require it if his wife were young enough. Though he be one of our Merchants at Sea, he shall give me leave to be Owner at home. And where's my boy? shall I see him?



*Cuckold.*

*Wife.* He's must at *Bedchamber*: us now too late,  
To-morrow He bring you to it, if you please.  
*Cramp.* I would thou couldst bring me another by to-morrow.  
Come, we'll eat and to bed, and if a fair Gale come,  
We'll hoist the sails, and set forwards.  
Let fainting fools lie sick upon their beds,  
He reach a Cuckold home to hide his horns. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Woodruff, Frankford, Raymond, Eustace, Greaves,  
Lyonel, Clara, Lucs.*

*Wood.* This wants a president, that a Bridegroom should so discreet and decently observe his Forms, Postures, all customary Rites belonging to the Table, and then hide himself from his expected wages in the bed.

*Frank.* Let this be forgotten too, that it remains not a first example.

*Raym.* Keep it amongst us, lest it beget too much unfruitful sorrow: most likely 'tis that love to *Lessingham* hath fastened on him, we all denied.

*Eust.* 'Tis more certain than likely. I know 'tis so.

*Gray.* Conceal then: the event may be well enough.

*Wood.* The Bride my daughter, she's hidden too:  
This last hour she hath not been seen with us.

*Raym.* Perhaps they are together.

*Eust.* And then we make too strict an inquisition, under correction of fair modesty, should they be stolen away to bed together, what would you say to that?

*Wood.* I would say, Speed 'em well. *Enter Nurse.*  
And if no worse news comes, He never weep for it.  
How now, hast thou any tidings?

*Nurse.* Yes forsooth, I have tidings.

*Wood.* Of any one that's lost?

*Nurse.* Of one that's found again, forsooth.

*Wood.* Oh, he was lost, it seems then?

*Frank.* This tidings comes to me, I guess Sir.

*Nurse.* Yeasruly does it, sir.

*Raym.* I, has old Lads work for young Nurses?

*Eust.* Yes, when they groan towards their second infancy.

*Clara.* I fear my self most guilty for the absence of the Bridegroom,

*And then a full and bold.*

*grateon* what our wills will do with our rash and beading peevishness, to bring out our discretion in a rope made? *Leopold* is mistaken, quite out o' th way of his purpose too.

*Frank*, Return'd if you can *Nurse* find all discover'd.

*Frank*, A fool did him father off, he's his own villain.

*Continue* the child, and show's: *Nurse* you or no, I'm not to be

*Nurse*, Nor see's, if it be your charge, you can but (silly)

*Frank*, It is, and strictly.

*Nurse*, To morrow morning, as I hear, he purpo's to come

to *Bedlam* too, his wife with him, but I shan't see him.

*Frank*, He shall be merrier; yet if he does, shall any coming, keep the child safe. *Nurse*, If he be the earlier up, he shall arrive at the proverb.

*Enter Nurse*, and *Ann*, and *Wood*.

*Wood*, So, so, there's some good luck yet.

The Bride's in sight again.

*Anna*, Father, and Gentlemen all, beseech you to treat this

Gentleman with all courtesie, he is a loving husband of my *Bon-*

father's; that kindly came to gratulate our Wedding; but as the

day falls out, you see alone I perform both Groom and Bride;

show your help to make this welcome better.

*Wood*, Most dearly. *Anna*, To all, assure you first.

*Wood*, But where's the Bridegroom, Girl? We are all at a

stand here, at a stand, quire our, the Musick ceased, and dan-

cing surbated, nor a light heel amongst us; my Cousin *Glauce*

is as cloudy here as on a washing day.

*Glauce*, 'Tis because you will not dance with me;

I should then shake it off.

*Anna*, 'Tis I have cause to be the sad one now, if any be; but

I have question'd with my meditations, and they have answered

well, and comfortably to the worst fear I found: Suppose this

day he had long since appointed to his foe to shoot, and fetch a

Reparation from him (which is the dearest Jewel unto men) Say

he do fight, I know his goodness such, that all those Powers that

love it are his guard, and he cannot bestride him.

*Wood*, Prithce peace, thou'lt make us all. Cowards to hear a

woman instruct so valiantly. Come, the Musick, he dances thy self

rather than thus put down, what I am a little yet.

*Anna*.

*Act II. A full moon night.*

*Ann.* Obedy this Gentleman, I pray you be not in welcome too. I tell you I was in fear when first I saw him.

*Rob.* Is it? Shall I call to you?

*Ann.* I had quite lost my way in my first amazement, but he so fairly came to my recovery; in his kindly conduct, gave me such loving comforts to my fears: ( 'twas he instructed me in what I spake ) and many better than I have told you yet; you shall hear more anon.

*Rob.* So, she will out with her story.

*Anna.* I must, I see, supply both places still: O come, when I have seen you back to your pleasure, I will return to you, Sir: we must discourse more of my *Bonnie* yet.

*Onnes.* A noble Bride fair.

*Clara.* You have your wishes, and you may be merry,

Mine have over-gone me.

*March. Rockfield salutes you.*

*Rob.* It is the trembling trade to be a Thief, 'had need have all the world bound to the peace, besides the bushes, and the phanes of houses; every thing that moves he goes in fear of's life on. Afore-gown'd Car, and meet her in the night, she stares with a Constable's eye upon him; and every Dog, a Watch-man; a black Cowe and a Calf with a white face after her, shows like a surly Justice and his Clerk; and if the Baby go but to the bag, 'tis ink and paper for a *Assessment*: Sure I shall never thrive on't, and it may be I shall need take no care; I may be now at my journeys end, or but the Goals distance; and so to that other place: I trust a woman with a secret worth a hanging, is that well? I could finde in my heart to run away yet. And that were base too, to run from a woman; I can't lay claim to nothing but her Vows, and they shall strengthen me.

*Anna.* See sir, my promise, there's twenty Pieces, the full value I vow, of what they cost.

*Rob.* Lady, do not trap me like a Summer horse; and then spur-gall me till I break my wings: if the Constable be at the door, let his fair staff appear, perhaps I may corrupt him with this Gold.

*Anna.* Nay, then if you mistrust me: Father, Gentlemen, Mr. Raymond, Ensign,

*Wied.*

*Act One for a Entail.*

*Wood.* How now, what's the matter, Girl?

*Anna.* For shame will you bid your Kinsman welcome?

No one but I will lay a hand on him!

Leave him alone, and all a revelling.

*Wood.* Oh, is that it. Welcome, welcome heartily, I thought the Bridegroom had been return'd. But I have news, *Annabel*: this fellow brought it. Welcome Sir, why you tremble methinks, Sir.

*Anna.* Some agony of anger 'tis, believe it, his entertainment is so cold and fable.

*Rayn.* Pray be cheer'd, Sir.

*Reck.* I'm wondrous well, Sir, 'twas the Gentleman's mistake.

*Wood.* 'Twas my hand shook belike, then you must pardon Age, I was stiffer once. But as I was saying, I should by promise see the Sea to morrow, 'tis meant for Physick as low as *Lee* or *Margate*: I have a Vessel riding forth, Gentlemen, 'tis called the *God-speed* too, though I say't, a brave one, well and richly freighted, and I can tell you she carries a *Sum of Money* in her mouth too, and twenty roaring Boys on both sides on her, Star-board and Lar-board. What say you now, to make you all Adventureurs? you shall have fair dealing, that I'll promise you.

*Rayn.* A very good motion, Sir I begin, there's my ten pieces.

*Enst.* I second 'em with these.

*Gov.* My ten in the third place.

*Reck.* And Sir, if you refuse not a proffer'd love, take my ten Pieces with you too.

*Wood.* Yours, above all the rest, Sirs.

*Anna.* Then make 'em above, venter 'em more.

*Reck.* Alas Lady, 'tis a younger brother's portion, and all in one Bottom.

*Anna.* At my encouragement, Sir, your credit (if you want Sir) shall not sit down under that sum return'd.

*Each.* With all my heart, Lady. There Sirs! So, she has fish for her Gold back, and caught it; I am no thief now.

*Wood.* I shall make here a pretty Assurance.

*Reck.* Sir, I shall have a suit to you.

*Wood.* You are likely to obtain it then, Sir.

*Reck.* That I may keep you company to Sea, and attend you back, I am a little travel'd.

*Wood.*

*In your friend's hand*

*And* And heartily thank you too, Sir.

*Anna* Why, that's well said: Pray you be merry though your Kinsman be absent, I am here, the worst part of him; yet that shall serve to give you welcome; to-morrow may show you what this night will not, and be full assured, unless your twenty Pieces be ill lent, Nothing shall give you cause of Discontent. There's ten more, Sir.

*Rosb.* Why should I fear? Foutier on't, He be merry now spite of the Hang-man.

ACT 3. SCENE 1.

*Enter* *Lessingham* and *Burville*.  
*Less.* Where first i'th field: I think your Enemy is staid at Dover, or some other Port, we hear not of his landing.

*Bur.* I am confident he is come over.  
*Less.* You look methinks fresh coloured.  
*Bur.* Liberated Morning, friend, that still foretels a stormy day to follow: But methinks now I observe your face, that you look pale, there's death in't already.

*Less.* I could chide your error, do you take me for a Coward? A Coward is not his own friend, much less can he be another man's. Know, Sir, I am come hither to instruct you by my generous example, to kill your enemy, whose name as yet I never question'd.

*Bur.* Nor dare I name him yet, for disheartning you.  
*Less.* I do begin to doubt the goodness of your Quarrel.

*Bur.* Now you have it, for I protest that I must fight with one from whom in the whole course of our acquaintance, I never did receive the least injury.  
*Less.* It may be the forgetful Wine begot some sudden blow, and thereupon 'tis Challenge, howe'er you are engaged; and for my part I will not, take your course, my unlucky friend, to say your Conscience grows pale and heartless, mistaking a bad Cause: fight as Lawyers plead, who gain the best of reputation when they can fetch a bad Cause smoothly off: you are in, and will through.

*Less.*

*A Cure for a Cuckold.*

*Less.* Oh my friend, the noblest ever man had : when my fate threw me upon this business, I made trial of divers had profess'd to me much love, and found their friendship like the effects that kept our company together, Wine and Riot : giddy and fuming I had found 'em off, brave Seconds at pluralities of Healths, but when it came to th' proof, my Gentlemen appear'd to me as promising and failing as coining Lotteries : but then I found this Jewel worth a thousand Counterfeits : I did but name my Engagement, and you flew unto my succor with that cheerfulness, as a great General hastes to a Battel, when that the chief of the adverse part is a man glorious, but of ample fame : you left your Bridal-bed to finde your Death-bed, and herein you most nobly exprest, that the affection 'tween two loyal friends is far beyond the love of man to woman, and is more near allied to enmity. What better friends part could be shew'd i'th world ? it transcends all ! My father gave me life, but you stand by my honour when 'tis falling, and nobly under-prop it with your sword. But now you have done me all this service, how ? how shall I requite this ? how return my grateful recompence for all this love ? For it am I come hither with full purpose to kill you.

*Bon.* Ha ?

*Less.* Yes : I have no oppose i'th world but your self : There, read the Warrant for your death.

*Bon.* 'Tis a womans hand.

*Less.* And 'tis a bad hand too : the most of 'em speak fair, write foul, mean worse.

*Bon.* Kill me ! away, you jest.

*Less.* Such jest as your sharp-witted Gallants use to utter, and loose their friends : Read there how I am fettered in a womans proud Command : I do Love madly, and must do madly : deadliest Hellebore or vomit of a Toad is qualified poison to the malice of a woman.

*Bon.* And kill that friend ? Strange !

*Less.* You may see, Sir, although the Tenure by which Land was held in Villenage be quite extinct in *England*, yet you have women there at this day living, make a number of slaves.

*Bon.* And kill that friend ? She mocks you upon my life, she does Equivocate : her meaning is, you cherish in your breast either self-love, or pride, as your best friend, and she wishes you'd kill that.

*Less.* Sure her Command is more bloody ; for she loathes me,  
and



### *A Cure for a Cuckold.*

and has put, as she imagines, this impossible task, for ever to be quit and free from me; but such is the violence of my affection, that I must undergo it. Draw your sword, and guard your self, though I fight in fury, I shall kill you in cold blood, for I protest 'tis done in heart-sorrow.

*Bon.* He not fight with you, for I have much advantage; the truth is, I wear a privy Coat.

*Less.* Pribees put it off then, if thou bee'st manly.

*Bon.* The defence I mean, is the justice of my Cause that would guard me, and fly to thy destruction: what confidence thou wearest in a bad cause, I am likely to kill thee if I fight, and then you fail to effect your Mrs. bidding, or to enjoy the fruit of 't; I have ever wish'd thy happiness, and vow I now so much affect it in compassion of my friends sorrow, make thy way to it.

*Less.* That were a cruel Murder.

*Bon.* Believ't 'tis ne're intended otherwise, when 'tis a womans bidding.

*Less.* Oh the necessity of my fate.

*Bon.* You shed tears.

*Less.* And yet must on in my cruel purpose! a Judge methinks looks loveliest when he weeps, pronouncing of deaths Sentence: how I stagger in my resolve! guard thee, for I came hither to do, and not to suffer; wilt not yet be perswaded to defend thee? turn the point, advance it from the ground above thy head, and let it underprop thee otherwise, in a bold resistance.

*Bon.* Stay. Thy injunction was, thou shouldst kill thy friend.

*Less.* It was.

*Bon.* Observe me, he wrongs me most, ought to offend me least, and they that study man, say of a friend, there's nothing in the world that's harder found, nor sooner lost: thou camest to kill thy friend, and thou mayest brag thou hast don't; for here for ever all friendship dyes between us, and my heart for bringing forth any effects of love, shall be as barren to thee as this sand we tread on; cruel, and inconstant as the Sea that bears upon this Beach. We now are severed: thus hast thou slain thy friend, and satisfied what the Witch thy Mrs. bad thee. Go and report that thou hast slain thy friend.

*Less.* I am served right.

*Bon.* And now that I do cease to be thy friend, I will fight with thee as thine enemy, I came not over idly to do nothing.

*Less.*



*Act Five Scene One*

*Less.* Oh friend!

*Ben.* Friend? The naming of that word shall be the quarrel. What do I know but that thou lovest my wife, and found'st this plot to divide me from her bed, and that this Letter here is counterfeit? Will you advance Sir?

*Less.* Not a blow: 'twould appear ill in either of us to fight: in you unmanly: for believe it Sir, you have disarm'd me already, done away all power of resistance in me, it would show beastly to do wrong to the dead: to me you say, you are dead for ever, lost on *Callis-fands*, by the cruelty of a woman: yet remember you had a noble friend, whose love to you shall continue after death: shall I go over in the same Barque with you?

*Ben.* Not for yon town of *Callis*, you know 'tis dangerous living at Sea, with a dead body.

*Less.* Oh you mock me, may you enjoy all your noble wishes.

*Ben.* And may you finde a better friend then I, and better keep him.

*Ex. Ben.*

*Enter Nurse, Compass, and his Wife.*

*Nurse.* Indeed you must pardon me, Goodman *Compass*, I have no authority to deliver, no nor to let you see the Child: to tell you true, I have command unto the contrary.

*Comp.* Command. From whom? *Nurse.* By the father of it.

*Comp.* The father: Who am I?

*Nurse.* Not the father sure. The Civil Law has found it or therwise.

*Comp.* The Civil Law: why then the Uncivil Law shall make it mine agen; He be as dreadful at a *Shrovetide* day to thee, I will tear thy Cottage but I will see my Child.

*Nurse.* Speak but half so much agen, He call the Constable, and lay Burglary to thy charge.

*Wife.* My good husband, be patient. And prithe Nurse let him see the Child.

*Nurse.* Indeed I dare not: the father first delivered me the Child, he pays me well, and weekly for my pains, and to his use I keep it.

*Comp.* Why thou white Bastard-breeder, is not this the mother? *Nurse.* Yes, I grant you that.

*Comp.* Dost thou? and I grant it too; And is not the Child mine own then by the wifes Coppelhold?

*Nurse.* The Law must try that.

*Comp.*

*Comp.* Law? Dost think Ile be but a Father in Law? all the Law between Black and White and *Turks* *Arrest*, and there's a pretty deal, shall not keep it from me mine own flesh and blood? Who does use to get my children but my self?

*Nurse.* Nay, you must look to that, I ne're knew you get any.

*Comp.* Never? put on a clean Smock and try me, if thou dares, three to one I get a Bastard on thee to morrow morning between one and three.

*Nurse.* Ile see thee hangd first.

*Comp.* So thou shalt too.

*Nurse.* Oh here's the father, now pray talk with him.

*Frank.* Good morrow Neighbor: morrow to you both.

*Comp.* Both? Morrow to you and your wife too.

*Frank.* I would speak calmly with you.

*Comp.* I know what belongs to a Calm and a Storm too. A cold word with you: You have tyed your Mare in my ground.

*Frank.* No, 'twas my Nag.

*Comp.* I will cut off your Nags tail, and make his rump make hair-burtons, if e're I take him there agen.

*Frank.* Well sir, but to the Main.

*Comp.* Main. Yes, and Ile strip his Main too, and crop his ears too, do you mark? and back-gaul him, and spur-gaul him, do you note? And stir his Nose, do you smell me now, Sir? Unbitch his Barrel, and discharge his Bullets: Ile gird him till he thinks, you smell me now I'm sure.

*Frank.* You are too rough neighbor, to maintain.

*Comp.* Maintain? you shall not maintain ne childe of mine, my wife does not bestow her labor to that purpose.

*Frank.* You are too speedy: I will not maintain.

*Comp.* No marry shall you not.

*Frank.* The deed to be lawful: I have repented it, and to the Law given satisfaction, my purse has paid for it.

*Comp.* Your purse: 'twas my wifes purse. You brought in the Coin indeed, but it was found base and counterfeit.

*Frank.* I would treat colder with you, if you be pleased.

*Comp.* Pleased? yes I am pleased well enough, serve me so still: I am going agen to sea one of these days, you know where I dwell, yet you'l but loose your labor, get as many children as

you

*A Cure for a Child.*

you can, you shall keep none of them, *Frank.* You are mad.

*Comp.* If I be horn-mad, what's that to you?

*Frank.* I leave off milder phrase, and then tell you plain you are a *Comp.* A what? what am I? *Fr.* A Coxcomb.

*Comp.* A Coxcomb? I knew 'twould begin with a C.

*Frank.* The child is mine, I am the father of it; As it is past the deed, 'tis past the shame, I do acknowledge, and will enjoy it.

*Comp.* Yes, when you can get it agen, is it not my wifes labor? I'm sure she's the mother, you may be as far off the father as I am; for my wifes acquainted with more Whore-masters besides your self, and crafty Merchants too.

*Wife.* No indeed husband, to make my offence both least and most, I knew no other man, he's the begetter, but the child is mine, I bred and bore it, and I will not loose it.

*Luce.* The child's my husbands, Daine, and he must have it: I do allow my sufferance to the deed, in lieu I never yet was fruitful to him, and in my barrenness excuse my wrong.

*Comp.* Let him dung his own ground better at home, then if he plant his Reddish roes in my garden, He eat 'em with bread and Salt, though I get no Mutton to 'em; what do your husband sent my wife your distaff, shall not the yarn be mine? He have the head, let him carry the Spindle home agen.

*Fr.* Forebear more words, then let the Law try it: mean time Nurse keep the child, and to keep it better here take more pay beforehand. There's money for thee.

*Comp.* There's money for me too, keep it for me, Nurse: give him both thy dugs at once: I pay for thy right dug.

*Nurs.* I have two hands you see, Gentlemen this does but show how the law will hamper you: even thus you must be used.

*Fr.* The law shall show which is the worthier Gender: a School-boy can do't.

*Comp.* He whip that School-boy that declines the child from my wife and her heirs: do not I know my wifes case the *Generative Case*, and that's *Hujus*, as great a case as can be.

*Fr.* Well, fare you well, we shall meet in another place.

Come *Luce*

*Exit.*

*Comp.* Meet her in the same place agen if you dare, and do your worst: must we go to law for our Children now a days? No

marvel if the Lawyers grow rich : but e're the Law shall have  
a Limb, a Leg, a Joynt, a Nape,  
I will spend more then a whole child in getting  
Some win by play, and others by, by herring.

*Enter Raymond, Eugene, Leonard, Corver, Annabel, Clara.*  
*Lyon.* Whence was that Letter sent ? *Ann.* From Dover, Sir.  
*Lyon.* And does that satisfy you what was the cause of his going  
over ?

*Ann.* It does : yet had he openly sent this it had bin sufficient.

*Ray.* Why, what's that ?

*Ann.* His Will, wherein he has estab'd me in all his land.

*Eust.* He's gone to fight. *Lyon.* *Lessingham's* second certain.

*Ann.* And I am lost, lost in't for ever.

*Clara.* Oh fool *Lessingham* : thou hast mistook my injunction  
utterly, utterly mistook it, and I am mad, stark mad with my own  
thoughts, not knowing what event their going of & will come too ;  
'tis too late now for my tongue to cry my heart mercy, would I  
could be senceless till I hear of their return : I fear me both are  
lost. *Ray.* Who should it be *Lessingham* gone to fight with ?

*Eust.* Faith I cannot possibly conjecture.

*Ann.* Miserable creature ! a Maid, a Wife, and Widow in the  
compass of two days. *Ray.* Are you sad too ?

*Clara.* I am not very well, Sir. *Ray.* I must put life in you.

*Clara.* Let me go, Sir.

*Ray.* I do love you in spite of your heart.

*Clara.* Believe it there was never a fitter time to express it ;  
for my heart has a great deal of spite in't.

*Ray.* I will discourse to you fine fancies.

*Clara.* Fine fooleries, will you not ?

*Ray.* By this hand I love you, and will court you.

*Clara.* Fie, you can command your tongue, and I my ears to  
hear you no further.

*Ray.* On my reputation,  
she's off o'th' hindges strangely.

*Ent. Woodroff, Rochfeild,  
and a squire.*

*Wood.* Daughter, good news. *Ann.* What is my husband heard of ?

*Wood.* That's not the business ; but you have here a Cousin you  
may be mainly proud of, and I am sorry 'tis by your husband's kind-  
red, not your own, that we might boast to have so brave a man in  
our

our Alliance.

*Ann.* What so soon return dy you have made but a short voyage: howsoever you are to me most welcome.

*Roch.* Lady thanks, for you have made me your own creature, of all my being fortunes and poor fame, if I have purchas'd any, and of which I no way boast, next the high providence, you have bin the sole creature.

*Ann.* Oh dear Cousin, you are grateful above merit, what occasion drew you so soon from Sea?

*Wood.* Such an occasion, as I may bleis Heaven for, you thank their bounty, and all of us be joyful.

*Ann.* Tell us how.

*Wood.* Nay daughter, the discourse will best appear in his relation, where he fails, Ile help.

*Roch.* Not to molest your patience with recital of every vain, and needless Circumstance, 'twas briefly thus: Scarce having reach'd to *Marguis*, bound on our voyage, suddenly in view appeared to us three Spanish men of War, these having spied the English Cross advance, salute us with a piece to have us strike, ours better spirited and no way daunted, at their unequal oddes, though but one bottom, returned 'em fire for fire: the fight begins, and dreadful on the sudden, All they proffered to board us, still we bravely beat 'em off.

*Wood.* But daughter, mark the Event.

*Roch.* Sea room we got, our ship being swift of tayl, it help'd us much, yet two unfortunate shot, one struck the Captains head off, and the other with an unlucky splinter laid the Master dead on the hatch'es; all our spirits then failed us.

*Wood.* Not all, you shall hear further, daughter.

*Roch.* For none was left to manage, nothing now was talk'd of but to yield up ship and goods, and mediate for our peace.

*Wood.* Nay Cousin, proceed.

*Roch.* Excuse me, I intreat you, for what's more, hath already pass'd my memory.

*Wood.* But mine it never can: Then he stood up, and with his oratory made us agen to recollect our spirits so late dejected.

*Roch.* Pray Sir,

*Wood.* Ile speak it out; by voice consent then the command was his, and 'twas his place now to bestir him, down he went be-

low

*A Cure for a Chickadee.*

low, and put the Lin-stocks in the Gunners hands, they ply their ordinance bravely, then ages up to the decks: courage is there renewed, fear now not found amongst us: within less then four hours fight two of their ships were sunk, both foundered, and soon swallowed: not long after the three begins to wallow, lyes on the Lee to stop her leakes, then boldly we come on, boarded and took her, and she's now our prize.

*Sayl.* Of this we were eye witness.

*Wood.* And many more brave boys of us, besides my self for one; never was, Gentlemen, a Sea-fight better managg'd.

*Roth.* Thanks to Heaven we have saved our own, damaged the enemy, and to our Nations glory, we bring home honor and profit,

*Wood.* In which Cousin *Rothfeild*, you as a venturer have a double share, besides the name of Captain, and in that a second benefit, but most of all, way to more great employment.

*Roth.* Thus your bounty hath been to me a blessing.

*Ray.* Sir, we are all indebted to your valor, this beginning may make us of small venturers, to become hereafter wealthy Merchants.

*Wood.* Daughter and Gentlemen, this is the man was born to to make us all, come enter, enter; we will in and feast, he's in the Bridegrooms absence my chief guest.

*Exeunt.*

*Fine ABM Tertii.*

ACT. 4. SCENE 1.

*Enter Compass, Wife, Lyonel, and Pettifog the Attorney, and one Boy.*

*Comp.* **T**Hree Turns do you call this Tavern? it has a good neighbor of Guild-hall, Mr. *Pettifog*. Show a room boy.

*Boy.* Welcome Gentlemen. *Comp.* What? art thou here

*Hodge!* *Boy.* I am glad you are in health, sir.

*Comp.* This was the honest *Crack-roap* first gave me tidings of my wifes fruitfulness. Art bound Prentice? *Boy.* Yes, Sir.

*Comp.* Mayest thou long jumble Bastard most artificially, to the profit of thy Master, and pleasure of thy Mistress.

*Boy.* What Wine drink ye, Gentlemen?

*Lyon.*



*A Cup for a Childe.*

*Lyc.* What Wine relishes your pallate, good Mr. Pettifog?  
*Per.* Nay, ask the woman.

*Comp.* Elegant for her, I know her Diet.

*Per.* Believe me, I can her thank for't, I am of her side.

*Comp.* Marry, and reason, sir, we have entertain'd you for  
our Attorney.

*Boy.* A Cup of neat Allegant?

*Comp.* Yes; but do not make it speak Welch, boy.

*Boy.* How mean you?

*Comp.* Put no Mortheglin in't, ye rogue.

*They sit down, Pettifog pulls out papers.*

*Boy.* Not a drop, as I am true Brittain.

*Enter Frankford, Ensign, Lucet, and Mr. Dodge a Lawyer  
to another Table, and a Drawer.*

*Fr.* Show a private room, Drawer. *Dr.* Welcome Gentlemen.

*Ensl.* As far as you can from noise, boy.

*Dr.* Further this way then, sir; for in the next room there are  
three or four Fish-wives taking up a brabbling business.

*Fr.* Let's not sit near them by any means.

*Dodge.* Fill Canary, firrah.

*Fr.* And what do you think of my Cause, Mr. Dodge?

*Dodge.* Oh we shall carry it most indubitably; you have money  
to go through with the business, and we're fear it but we'll  
trownce 'em, you are the true Father.

*Lucet.* The mother will confels as much.

*Dodge.* Yes Mistress, we have taken her Affidavit. Look you  
sir, here's the Answer to his Declaration.

*Fr.* You may think strange, sir, that I am at charge to call a  
Charge upon me: but 'tis truth, I made a Purchase lately, and in  
that I did estate the Childe, 'bout which I'm sued, Joynr-purchaser  
in all the Land I bought; now that's one reason that I should  
have care, besides the tie of blood, to keep the Childe under my  
wing, and see it carefully instructed in those fair Abilities may  
make it worthy hereafter to be mine, and enjoy the Land I have  
provided for't.

*Lucet.* Right, and I counsel'd you to make that Purchase; and  
therefore Ile not have the Childe brought up by such a Coxcomb  
as now sues for him, he'd bring him up onely to be a Swabber:  
he was born a Merchant and a Gentleman, and he shall live and  
die so.

*Dodge.*



*At Five o'clock.*

*Dodge.* Worthy Mistress, I drink to you: you are a good woman, and but few of so noble patience. *Enter a Boy.*

*Enter boy.* Score a quart of Allegams's oth' Woodcock.

*Enter a Boy like a Musician.*

*1 Boy.* Will you have any musick, Gentlemen?

*Comp.* Musick amongst Lawyers? here's nothing but discord. What, *Rafe*? here's another of my young Cuckoes: I heard last April, before I heard the Nightingale: no musick, good *Rafe*: here boy, your father was a Taylor, and methinks by your leering eye you should take after him. A good boy, make a leg hand-somely, scrape your self out of our company. And what do you think of my Suit, sir?

*Pet.* Why, look you, sir; The Defendant was arrested first by Latitate in an Action of Trespass.

*Comp.* And a Lawyer told me it should have been an Action of the Case, should it not wife?

*Wife.* I have no skill in Law, sir; but you heard a Lawyer say so.

*Pet.* I, but your Action of the Case is in that point too ticklish.

*Comp.* But what do you think, shall I overthrow my adversary?

*Pet.* Sans question: The child is none of yours: what of that? I marry; widow is posselt of a Ward, shall not I have the union of that Ward? Now sir, you lye at a stronger Ward; for *partus sequitur ventrem*, says the Civil Law; and if you were within compass of the four Seas, as the common Law goes, the child shall be yours certain.

*Comp.* There's some comfort in that yet. On your Attorneys in Guild-hall have a fine time on't.

*Lyas.* You are in effect both Judge and Jury your selves.

*Comp.* And how you will laugh at your Clients when you sit in a Tavern, and call them Coxcombs, and whip up a Cause, as a Barber trims his Customers on a Christmas Eve, a nip, a nipe, and away.

*Pet.* That's ordinary, sir: you shall have the like at a *Nisi Prius*. Oh you are welcome, Sir. *Enter 1 Client.*

*1 Client.* Sir, you'll be mindful of my Suit.

*Pet.* As I am religious, Ile drink to you.

*1 Client.* I thank you. By your favor, Mistress, I have much business and cannot stay; but there's money for a quart of Wine.

*Comp.*

*A Cure for a Cuckold.*

*Comp.* By no means.

*1 Client.* I have said, Sir, *Exit.*

*Enter 2 Client.*

*Pet.* He's my Client fir, and he must pay; this is my tribute.  
Custom is not more truly paid in the *Sound of Denmark.*

*2 Client.* Good fir, be careful of my business.

*Pet.* Your Declaration's drawn, fir: He drink to you.

*2 Client.* I cannot drink this morning; but there's money for  
a pottle of Wine.

*Pet.* Oh good fir,

*2 Client.* I have done, fir. Morrow, Gentlemen.

*Exit.*

*Comp.* We shall drink good cheer, *Mr. Petitioner.*

*Pet.* And we fare here long you'd say so. I have fare here in  
this Tavern but one half hour, drunk but three pipes of wine, and  
what with the offering of my Clients in that short time, I have  
got nine shillings clear, and paid all the Reckoning.

*Lyon.* Almost a Councillors Fee.

*Pet.* And a great one as the world goes in *Guild-hall*; for now  
our young Clerks share with 'em, to help 'em to Clients.

*Comp.* I don't think but that the Cucking-stool is an enemy to  
a number of brables, that would else be determined by Law.

*Pet.* Tis so indeed, fir: My Client that came in now, sues his  
neighbor for kicking his Dog, and using the defamatory speeches,  
*Come out Cuckolds curre.*

*Lyon.* And what shall you recover upon this speech?

*Pet.* In *Guild-hall* I assure you, the other that came in was an  
Informers, a precious knave.

*Comp.* Will not the Ballad of *Flood* that was prest, make them  
leave their knavery?

*Pet.* He tell you how he was served: This Informer comes in-  
to *Turnball-street* to a Victualling-house, and there falls in league  
with a Wench.

*Comp.* A *Tweak*, or *Brongrops*, I learnt that name in a Play.

*Pet.* Had belike some private dealings with her, and there got  
a Goose.

*Comp.* I would he had got two, I cannot away with an Informer.

*Pet.* Now fir, this fellow in revenge of this informers against the  
Bawd that kept the house, that she used Candles in her house; but  
the cunning Jade comes me into 'th Court, and there deposes  
that she gave him true *Winchester* measure.

*A Cure for a Cuckold.*

*Comp.* Marry, I thank her with all my heart for it. *Ent. Drawer*

*Draw.* Here's a Gentleman, one Justice *Woodroff* enquires for Mr. *Frankford*. *Fr.* Oh, my brother and the other Compromiser come to take up the business.

*Justice Councillor and Woodroff.*

*Wood.* We have conferred and labored for your peace, unless your stubbornness prohibit it; and be assured, as we can determine it, the Law will end, for we have sought the Cases.

*Comp.* If the Child fall to my share, I am content to end upon any condition, the Law shall run on head-long else.

*Fr.* Your purse must run by like a Poor-man then.

*Comp.* My purse shall run open mouth'd at thee.

*Conn.* My friend, be calm, you shall hear the reasons: I have stood up for you, pleaded your Cause, but am overthrown, yet no further yielded than your own pleasure; you may go on in Law if you refuse our Censure.

*Comp.* I will yield to nothing but my Child.

*Conn.* 'Tis then as vain in us to seek your peace, yet take the reasons with you: This Gentleman first speaks, a Justice to me, and observe it, A child that's base and illegitimate born, the father found, who (if the need require it) secures the charge and damage of the Parish but the father? who charged with education but the father? then by clear consequence he ought for what he pays for, to enjoy. Come to the strength of reason, upon which the Law is grounded: the earth brings forth, this ground or that, her Crop of Wheat or Rye, whether shall the Seeds-man enjoy the sheaf, or leave it to the earth that brought it forth? The summer tree brings forth her natural fruit, spreads her large arms, who but the lord of it shall pluck Apples, or command the lops? or shall they sink in: or the root agen? 'tis still most clear upon the Fathers part.

*Comp.* All this Law I deny, and will be mine own Lawyer. Is not the earth our Mother? And shall not the earth have all her children agen? I would see that Law durst keep any of us back, she'll have Lawyers and all first, tho they be none of her best children. My wife is the mother, and so much for the Civil-law. Now I come agen, and y<sup>e</sup> are gone at the Common-law: Suppose this is my ground, I keep a Sow upon it, as it might be my wife,

you

*A Cure for a Cuckold.*

you keep a Boar, as it might be my adversary here; your Boar comes foaming into my ground, jumbles with my Sow, and wallows in her mire; my Sow cries *work*, as if she had Pigs in her belly, who shall keep these Pigs? he the Boar, or she the Sow?

*Wood.* Past other alteration, I am changed; the Law is on the Mothers part.

*Cow.* For me, I am strong in your opinion, I never knew my judgement erre so far, I was confirmed upon the other part, and now am flat against it.

*Wood.* Sir you must yeild, believe it there's no Law can relieve you.

*Fr.* I found it in my self I will fry the child's your wife, He strive no further in it, and being brought unto agreement, let us go quire through to't; forgive my fault, and I forgive my charges, nor will I take back the inheritance I made unto it.

*Comp.* Nay, there you shall finde me kinde too, I have a pot-  
cle of Claret, and a Capon to supper for you; but no more Nut-  
ton for you, nor a bir.

*Ray.* Yes a shoulder, and we'll be there too, or a leg opened  
with Venison sawce.

*Comp.* No legs opened by your leave, nor no such sawce.

*Wood.* Well brother, and neighbor, I am glad you are friends.

*Omnes.* All, all joy at it.

*Comp.* *Mrs.*, come kiss *Mrs.*, all friends.

*Ray.* Stay sir, one thing I would advise you, 'tis Counsel worth a  
Fee, tho I be no Lawyer, 'tis Physick indeed, &c cures Cuckoldry,  
to keep that spiteful brand out of your forehead, that it shall  
not dare to meet or look out at any window to you, 'tis bettet  
then an Onion to a green wound it'h left hand made by fire, it  
takes out scar and all.

*Comp.* This were a rare receipt, He content you for your skill.

*Ray.* Make here a flat divorce between your selves, be you no hus-  
band, nor let her be no wife, within two hours you may assure  
agen, wooe, and wed afresh, and then the Cuckold's blotted. This  
medicine is approved.

*Comp.* Excellent, and I thank you *Mrs.*, I renounce thee, and I  
renounce my self from thee; thou art a Widow *Mrs.*, I will so  
hang my self two hours, and so long thou shalt drown thy self,  
then will we meet agen in the Pease-field by *Bishops Hall*, and  
as the Swads and the Cods shall instruct us, we'll talk of a new

may be. I will be ruled, sir, you well, sir. 2nd 1st 1st

Comp. Fastest widows, remember time and place, change your Clorbaton, do ye him, widow, all, Pam behoolding to your good Council.

Key: But you'll never follow your own so far I hope? You said you'd hang your tale.

Comp. No I have devised a better way, I will go drink my self  
dread for an hour, then when I awakes again, I will a fresh new  
man, and so I go on every morning.

4-9. That's handsome, and he tend to be a dapper.

Comp. For the long Wespender the alone then. Exmpt.

Henry's Logansport and Clave. August 21st 1862

Clara. Oh, fir, are you serious? I do expect to hear strange news soon. I

**Jeff.** I have nothing tell you, I am sorry to relate I have done ill as a woman's bidding, that I hope no news yet will fore do I call that ill, because any absolute happiness I now are mine, I must enjoy you solely.

**Clara.** By what warrant?

**Clare. By what warrant**

*Left.* By your own conviction, I have been made fully performed  
your will; drawn my revenging sword, and slain my brother and  
best friend in the world I had, for your sake.

*Clara.* Slain your friend for my sake? *Loss.* A most sad truth.

Chad. And your best friend? **Myself!** My chiefest

Clara. Then of all men you are most miserable, nor have you  
ought further'd your suit in this, though I enjoy'd you to'r, for I  
had thought that I had been the best esteemed friend you had i'th

world. **Leff:** Ye did not with '1 hope, that I should have murder'd

you? *Clara.* You shall perceive more of that hereafter. But I *per-*  
fit tell me, for I do freeze with expectation of it, it chills my  
heart with horror till I know what friends' blood you have sacri-  
ficed to your fury and to my father's, this bloody Riddle who  
is it you have slain? *Lady.* *Unveils the Bridegroom.*

Clara. Say? Oh you have struck him dead thorough my heart,

in being true to me, you have proved in this the falsest Traitor:  
oh I am lost for ever, yet wherefore am I lost? rather recovered  
from sickness, witchcraft; and upon his grave I will not rather  
Rue, but Violets to bless my wedding flue wings; good firrell me,  
are you certain he is dead? *Leff* Never, never to be recovered.

Clare

*Scene 2. Enter Sir, and Clara.*

*Clara.* Why now sir, I do love you, with an entire heart, I could dance with you, never did wine or music stir in woman, a sweetest touch of which, I will marry you, instantly marry you.

*Lesf.* This woman has strange changes, you are as he strangely with his death.

*Clara.* He gave the reason I have to be thus extasied with joy: know he, that you have slain my dearest friend, and fatallest enemy.

*Lesf.* Most strange!

*Clara.* 'Tis true, you have taken a mass of Lead from off my heart, for ever would have sunk it in despair; when you beheld me yesterday, I stood as if a Merchant waiting on the Downs, should see some goodly Vessel of his own sunk fore his face in Harbor, and my heart retained no more heat then a man that royles, and vainly labors to put out the flames that burns his house to th bottom. I will tell you a strange concealment, sir, and till this minute never revealed, and I will tell it now, smiling and not blushing; I did love that *Bonville*, (nor as I ought, but as a woman might that's beyond reason,) I did doat upon him, tho he near knew of't, and beholding him before my face wedded unto another, and all my interest in him forfeiced, I fell into despair, and at that instant you urging your Suit to me, and I thinking that I had been your onely friend in world, I heartly did wish you would have kill'd that friend your self, to have ended all my sorrow, and had prepared it, that unwittingly you should have don't by poison.

*Lesf.* Strange amazement!

*Clara.* The effects of a strange Love.

*Lesf.* Is a dream sure.

*Clara.* No 'tis real sir, believe it.

*Lesf.* Would it were not.

*Clara.* What sir, you have done bravely, 'tis your Mistress that tells you, you have done so.

*Lesf.* But my Conscience

Is of Council gainst you, and pleads otherwise:

Vertue in her past actions glories still,

But vice throws loathed looks on former ill.

But did you love this *Bonville*?

*Clara.* Strangely sir, almost to a degree of madness.

*Lesf.* Trust a woman? never henceforward, I will rather trust the winds which *Lapland* Witches sent to men, all that they have is feign'd, their teeth, new hair, their blushes, nay their conscience



too is soigned, let 'em paint, load themselves with Cloath of Tissue, they cannot yet hide woman, that will appear and disgrace all. The necessity of my fate! certain this woman has bewitched me here, for I cannot chuse but love her. Oh how fatal this might have proved, I would it had for me, it would not grieve me, tho my sword had split his heart in sunder, I had then destroyed one that may prove my Rival; oh but then what had my horror bin, my guilt of conscience? I know some do ill at womens bidding: 't'ch Dog-days, and repeat all the Winter after: no, I account it treble happiness that *Bonville* lives, but 'tis my chiefest glory that our friendship is divided.

*Clara*. Noble friend, why do you talk to your self?

*Less*. Should you do so, you'd talk to an ill woman, fare you well, for ever fare you well: I will do somewhat to make as fatal breach and difference in *Bonville's* love as mine, I am fix'd in it, my melancholly and the devil shall fashion it.

*Clara*. You will not leave me thus?

*Less*. Leave you for ever, and may my friends blood whom you loved so dearly, for ever lye impostsom'd in your breast, and 't'ch end choak you. Womens cruelty. This black and fatal thread hath ever spun, It must undo, or else it is undone. Exit.

*Clara*. I am every way lost, and no means to raise me, but blest repentance: what two unvalued Jewels am I at once deprived of? now I suffer deservedly, there's no prosperity settled, Fortune plays ever with our good or ill, Like Cross and Pile, and turns up which she will.

*Enter Bonville*. Friend?

*Clara*. Oh you are the welcomest under heaven: *Lessingham* did but fright me, yet I fear that you are hurt to danger.

*Bon*. Not a scratch. *Clara*. Indeed you look exceeding well, methinks. *Bon*. I have bin Sea-sick lately, and we count that excellent Physick. How does my *Annabel*?

*Clara*. As well fir, as the fear of such a loss as your esteemed self, will suffer her. *Bon*. Have you seen *Lessingham* since he returned? *Clara*. He departed hence but now, and left with me a report had almost kill'd me.

*Bon*. What was that? *Clara*. That he had kill'd you.

*Bon*.



*A Cure for a Cuckold.*

*Bon.* So he has.

*Clare.* You mock me.

*Bon.* He has kill'd me for a friend, for ever silenc'd all amity between us; you may now go and embrace him, for he has fulfilled the purpose of that Letter.

*Clare.* Oh I know't.

*Gives her a Letter.*

*She gives him another.*

And had you known this which I meant to have lent you an hour 'fore you were married to your wife, the Riddle had been construed.

*Bon.* Strange! this expresses that you did love me.

*Clare.* With a violent affection.

*Bon.* Violent indeed; for it seems it was your purpose to have ended it in violence on your friend; the unfortunate *Lessingham* unwittingly should have been the Executioner.

*Clare.* 'Tis true.

*Bon.* And do you love me still?

*Clare.* I may easily confess it, since my extremity is such that I must needs speak or die.

*Bon.* And you would enjoy me though I am married?

*Clare.* No indeed no; I sit; you are to sleep with a sweet Bed-fellow would knit the brow at that.

*Bon.* Come, come, a womans telling truth makes amends for her playing false. You would enjoy me?

*Clare.* If you were a Bachelor or Widower, Afore all the great Ones living.

*Bon.* But 'tis impossible to give you present satisfaction, for my Wife is young and beautiful; and I like the summer and the harvest of our Love, which yet I have not tasted of, so well, that and you'll credit me, for me her days shall ne'r be shortened; let your reason therefore turn you another way, and call to mind with best observance, the accomplish'd graces of that brave Gentleman, whom late you sent to his destruction: A man so every way deserving, no one action of his in all his life time e'r degraded him from the honor he was born too; think how observant he'll prove to you in nobler request, than so obeyed you in a bad one: And remember that afore you engaged him to an act Of horror, to the killing of his friend, He bore his Steerage true in every part, Led by the Compass of a noble heart.

*Clare.* Why do you praise him thus? You said but now he was utterly lost to you: now 't appears you are friends; else you'd

not;

*A Cure for a Cuckold.*

not deliver of him such a worthy commendation.

*Ben.* You mistake, utterly mistake that I am friends with him, in speaking this good of him: To what purpose do I praise him? openly to this fatal end; that you might fall in love and league with him. And what worse office can I do in world unto my enemy, than to endeavor by all means possible to marry him unto a Whore? and there I think she stands.

*Clare.* Is Whore a name to be beloved? if not, what reason have I ever to love that man part is upon me falsely? You have wrought a strange alteration in me: were I a man, I would drive you with my sword into the field, and there put my wrong to silence. Go, y<sup>e</sup> are not worthy to be a woman's friend in the least part that concerns honorable reputation; for you are a Liar.

*Ben.* I will love you now with a noble observance, if you will continue this hate unto me: gather all those graces from whence you have faln yonder, where you have left 'em in *Leasingham*, he that must be your husband; And though henceforth I cease to be his friend, I will appear his noblest enemy, and work reconciliation twween you.

*Clare.* No, you shall not, you shall not marry him to a Strumpet; for that word I shall ever hate you.

*Loss.* And for that one deed, I shall ever love you. Come, convert your thoughts To him that best deserves 'em *Leasingham*.

It's most certain you have done him wrong.

But your repentance and compassion now

May make amends: disperse this melancholly,

And on that turn of Fortune's Wheel depend,

When all Calamities will spend, or end.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Compass, Raymond, Ensign, Lyonel, Greener.*

*Comp.* Gentlemen, as you have been witnesses to our Divorce,

You shall now be evidence to our next meeting,

Which I look for every minute, if you please Gentlemen.

*Ray.* We came for the same purpose, man.

*Comp.* I do think you'll see me come off such as smooth A forehead, make my Wife as honest a woman once more, As a man sometimes would desire, I mean of her rank, And a seeming woman as she has been. Nay surely I

Do

Do think to make the Child a lawful Child too,  
As a couple of unmarried people can beget, and let  
It be begotten when the father is beyond Sea, as this. I was  
Was: do but note.

*Enst.* 'Tis that we wait for.

*Comp.* You have waited the good hour: see, she comes, a little  
room I beseech you; silence and observation.

*Ray.* All your own, sir.

*Comp.* Good-morrow fair Maid.

*Wife.* Mistaken in both sir, neither fair, nor Maid.

*Comp.* No? a married woman?

*Wife.* That's it I was sir, a poor widow now.

*Comp.* A widow? Nay then I must make a little bold with  
you, 'tis a kin to mine own case, I am a wifeless husband, how  
long have you been a widow pray? nay, do not weep.

*Wife.* I cannot chuse to think the loss I had.

*Comp.* He was an honest man to thee it seems.

*Wife.* Honest quoth a, oh. *Comp.* By my feck, and those  
are great losses, an honest man is not to be found in every hole,  
nor every street, if I took a whole parish in sometimes I might  
say true, for stinking Macharel may be tried for new.

*Ray.* Some what sententious.

*Enst.* Oh, silence was an Article enjoyned.

*Comp.* And how long is it since you lost your honest hus-  
band? *Wife.* Oh the memory is too fresh, and your sight makes  
my sorrow double.

*Comp.* My sight? why was he like me?

*Wife.* Your left hand to your right, is not more like.

*Comp.* Nay then I cannot blame thee to weep, an honest man  
I warrant him, and thou hadst a great loss of him; such a pro-  
portion, so lim'd, so coloured, so fed.

*Ray.* Yes faith, and so taught too.

*Enst.* Nay, will you break the Law?

*Wife.* Twins were never like.

*Comp.* Well, I love him the better, whatsoever is become of  
him, and how many children did he leave thee at his departure?

*Wife.* Only one sir.

*Comp.* A Boy, or a Girl?

*Wife.* A Boy, Sir.

*Comp.* Just mine own case still, a my wife, rest her soul, left me a

*A. Cure for a Cuckold.*

Boy too, a chopping Boy I warrant. *Slide: the plain or drille of*  
*Wife.* Yes if you call 'em so: *aliquoq; extrinsecus aliquoq; in*

*Comp.* I, *quid* is a chopping Boy? I mean to make either a  
 Cuckoo or a Butcher of him, for those are your chopping Boys. And  
 what profession was your husband of? *sol navi pvi rem ali' f'and*

*Wife.* He went to Sea, Sir, and there got his living.

*Comp.* Mine own faculty too, and you can like a man of that  
 profession well?

*Wife.* For his sweet sake whom I so dearly loved, more dearly  
 lost, I must think well of it.

*Comp.* Must you? I do think then thou must venture to Sea  
 once again, if thou'lt be rid'd by me.

*Wife.* Oh Sir, but there's one thing more burdensome to us,  
 than most of others wives, which moves me a little to distaste it,  
 long time we endure the absence of our husbands, sometimes  
 many years, and then if any slip in woman be, so long vacations  
 may make Lawyers hungry, and Tradesmen cheaper penny-  
 worths afford, (then otherwise they would for ready coin) scandals  
 fly out, and we poor souls branded with wanton living, and in-  
 continency, when alas (consider) can we do withal?

*Comp.* They are fools, and not sailors that do not consider  
 that, I'm sure your husband was nor of that mind, if he were like  
 me.

*Wife.* No indeed, he would bear kinde and honesty.

*Comp.* He was the wiser, at sea your land and fresh-water men  
 Never understand what wonders are done at Sea; yet  
 They may observe a shore, that a Hen having tasted  
 The Cock, kill him, and she shall lay Eggs afterwards.

*Wife.* That's very true indeed.

*Comp.* And so may women, why not? may not a man get two  
 or three children at once? One must be born before another, you  
 know.

*Wife.* Even this discretion my sweet husband had  
 You more and more resemble him.

*Comp.* Then if they know what things are done at sea, where  
 The Winds themselves do copulate, and bring forth illue,  
 As thus: In the old world there were but four in all,  
 As North, East, South, and West: these dwell far from one another,

Yell

Q

Yet

*And Care for a Cuckold.*

Yet by meeting they have begendred Nor-East, Sou-East, Sou-West, Nor-West, then they were eight; Of them Were begotten Nor-Nor-East, Nor-Nor-West, Sou-Sou-East, Sou-Sou-West, and those two Sows were Sou-East and Sou-West Daughters, and indeed there is a family now of 32 of 'em, That they have fill'd every corner of the world, and yet for All this, you see these bawdy Bellows-menders when they Come ashore, will be offering to take up Womens coats In the street.

*Wife.* Still my husbands discretion!

*Comp.* So I say, if your Land-men did understand that we send Windes from Sea, to do our commendations to our wives, they would not blame you as they do.

*Wife.* We cannot help it.

*Comp.* But you shall help it. Can you love me, widow?

*Wife.* If I durst confess what I do think, sir, I know what I would say.

*Comp.* Durst confess? Why whom do you fear? here's none but honest Gentlemen my friends; let them hear, and Never blush for't.

*Wife.* I shall be thought too weak to yeild at first.

*Ray.* Tush, that's niceness; come, we heard all the rest, The first true stroke of love sinks thee deepest, If you love him, say so.

*Comp.* I have a Boy of mine own, I tell you that afore-hand, You shall not need to fear me that way.

*Wife.* Then I do love him.

*Comp.* So here will be man and wife to morrow then, what though We meet strangers, we may love one another Ne'r the worse for that. Gentlemen, I invite You all to my Wedding.

*Others.* We'll all attend it.

*Comp.* Did not I tell you, I would fetch it off fair, let any Man say a Cuckold to my charge, if he dares now,

*Ray.* 'Tis slander who ever does it.

*Comp.* Nay, it will come to *Penny Laffery* at least, and without Compass of the general pardon too, or I'll bring him to a Foul sheer, if he has ne'r a clean one, or let me

Hear him that will say I am not father to the child I begot.

*Enst.* None will adventure any of those.

*Comp.* Or that my wife that shall be, is not as honest a woman, as some other mens wives are?

*Ray.* No question of that.

*Comp.* How fine and sleek my brows are now?

*Enst.* I when you are married, they'll come to themselves again.

*Comp.* You may call the Bridegroom if you please now,  
For the Guests are bidden.

*Omnes.* Good Master Bridegroom.

*Comp.* Come Widow then, ere the next Ebb and Tide,  
If I be Bridegroom, thou shalt be the Bride. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus quartii.*

### ACT. 5. SCENE 1.

*Enter Rockfield and Annabel.*

*Rock.* Believe me, I was never more ambitious, of covetous, if I may call it so, of any fortune greater than this one, but to behold his face.

*Ann.* And now's the time; for from a much feared danger as I heard, he's late come over.

*Rock.* And not seen you yet? 'tis some unkindness.

*Ann.* You may think it so; but for my part, sir, I account it none: what know I but some business of import and weighty consequence, more near to him than any formal Complement to me, may for a time detain him: I presume no jealousy can be asperst on him, for which he cannot well Apologize.

*Rock.* You are a Creature every way complete, for whose sake As good a Wife, as Woman; for whose sake As I in duty am endeard to you, So shall I owe him service. *Enter Lessingham.*

*Less.* The ways to Love, and Crowns, lye both through blood, for in em both all Dets must be removed, it could be said no true ambition esse. I am grown big with projects: Project, said I? Rather with sudden mischies; which without

A Spec-



A speedy birth fills me with painful throes,  
And I am now in labor: Thanks occasion  
That gives me a firm ground to work upon,  
It should be *Rochfield*, since our departure  
It seems ingrafted in this Family;  
Indeed the House Minion, since from the Lord  
To the lowest Groom, I will with unite consent  
Speak him so largely. Nor as it appears  
By this their private Conference, is he grown  
Least in the Bride's opinion, no foundation  
On which I will erect a brave Revenge:  
*Ann.* Sir, What kinde Offices lyes in your way  
To do for him, I shall be thankful for,  
And reckon them mine own, right well I shall be able to  
*Roch.* In acknowledgement I kiss your hand, and with a gra-  
titude never to be forgot, I take my leave.

*Ann.* I mine of you, with hourly expectation  
Of a long-lookt for husband, your Lordship will Exit;

*Roch.* May he thrive according to your wishes.

*Less.* Now's my turn: Without offence, Sir, may I beg your  
name?

*Roch.* 'Tis that I never yet denied to any, nor will to you that  
seem a Gentleman: 'tis *Rochfield*.

*Less.* *Rochfield*? You are then the man whose nobleness, ver-  
tue, valor, and good parts, have voice'd you loud: *Down* and  
*Sandwich*, *Marget*, and all the Court is full of you; but more,  
as an Eye-witness of all these, and with most truth, the Master  
of this house hath given them large expressions.

*Roch.* Therein his love exceeded much my merit.

*Less.* That's your modesty.

Now I as one that goodness loves in all men,  
And honoring that which is but found in few,  
Desire to know you better.

*Roch.* Pray your name?

*Less.* *Lausingham*.

*Less.* In the number of those which he esteems most dear to  
him, he reckons me not last.

*Roch.* So I have heard, and the Countess and the Countess's sister  
*Less.*



*Less.* Sir, you have cause to bless the lucky Planet  
Beneath which you were born; 'twas a bright Star, and LANA  
And then shined clear upon you, for as you  
Are every way well parted, so I hold you  
In all designs mark'd to be fortunate.

*Roch.* Pray do not stretch your love to flattery,  
'T may call it then in question; grow I pray you  
To some particulars.

*Less.* I have observed but late your parting with the Virgin  
Bride, and therein some affection.

*Less.* With pardon, in this I still applaud your happiness, and  
praise the blessed influence of your stars; for how can it be pos-  
sible that she, unkindly left upon the Bride-day, and disappointed  
of those Nuptial sweets that night expected, but should take the  
occasion so fairly offered? Nay, and stand excus'd as well in de-  
testation of a scorn, scarce in a husband heard of, as selecting a  
Gentleman in all things so complear, to do her those neglected  
offices, her youth and beauty justly challengeth.

*Roch.* Some plot to wrong the Bride, and I now  
Will marry Craft with Cunning, 'till he bite,  
He give him line to play on: woe't your case  
You being young as I am, would you intermit  
So fair and sweet occasion?

*Less.* Yet mis-conceive me not; I do intend you;  
To think I can be of that service, or  
Of that misdeed to defame a Lady,  
Were she so kind so to expose her self,  
Nor is she such a creature.

*Less.* On this foundation I can build higher still, (for I believ't)  
I hear you two call Cousins; come your kindred  
By the Woodruffs, or the Howells?

*Roch.* From neither, 'tis a word of courtesie  
Late interchanged betwixt us, otherwise  
We are foreign as two strangers.

*Roch.* I would not have you grow too inward with me  
Upon so small a knowledge; yet to satisfy you,  
And in some kind too to delight my self,  
Those Bracelets and the Carcaner she wears,

She gave me once.

*Less.* They were the first, and special Tokens past between her and her husband.

*Reb.* 'Tis certain: what I have said, I have said, & Sir, you have power perhaps to wrong me, or to injure her: but this you may do, but as you are a Gentleman I hope you will do neither.

*Less.* True upon it. *Enter Rockfield.*  
If I drown he sink come along with me.

*Enter Woodruff.*  
For of all miseries I hold that chief,  
Wretched to be, when none can part our grief.  
Here's another Anyle to work on: I must now  
Make this my Master-piece; for your old Foxes  
Are seldom ta'en in Springs.

*Wood.* What, my Friend!  
You are happily returned; and yet I want  
Somewhat to make it perfect. Where's your Friend,  
My Son in Law?

*Less.* Oh Sir!  
*Wood.* I pray fir resolve me; for I do suffer strangely till I know  
if he be in safety.

*Less.* Fare you well: 'Tis not fit  
I should relate his danger.

*Wood.* I must know it. I have a Quarrel to you already,  
for enticing my Son in Law to go over: Tell me quickly, or I  
shall make it greater.

*Less.* Then truth is, he's dangerously wounded.

*Wood.* But he's not dead I hope?

*Less.* No Sir, not dead; yet sure your daughter may take li-  
berty to chuse another.

*Wood.* Why that gives him dead.

*Less.* Upon my life Sir, no; your son's in health.  
As well as I am.

*Wood.* Strange! you deliver Riddles.

*Less.* I told you he was wounded, and 'tis true,  
He is wounded in his Reputation.  
I told you likewise, which I am loth to repeat,  
That your fair Daughter might take liberty  
To embrace another. That's the consequence,  
That makes my best Friend wounded in his Fame.

This

This is all I can deliver.

*Wood.* I must have more of it;

For I do swear already, and Ile swear more

'Tis good they say to cure Acher, and o'th sudden

I am sure from head to foot, let me taste the wort.

*Less.* Know thy if ever there were truth in althood,

Then 'tis most true, your Daughter plays most false

With *Bonilla*, and hath chose for her Favorite

The man that now past by me, *Rochford*.

*Wood.* Say? I would thou hadst spoke this on *Cassio's* hands;

And I within my Sword and Poyards length

Of that false throat of thine. I pray sir, tell me

Of what Kin or Alliance do you take me

To the Gentlewoman you late mentioned?

*Less.* You are her Father.

*Wood.* Why then of all men living, do you address

This Report to me, that ought of all men breathing

To have been the last o'th Rowl, except the husband,

That should have heard of it?

*Less.* For her honor Sir, and yours;

That your good Counsel may reclaim her.

*Wood.* I thank you.

*Less.* She has departed sir, upon my knowledge,

With Jewels, and with Bracelets, the first Pledges,

And confirmation of th' unhappy Contract

Between her self and husband.

*Wood.* To whom?

*Less.* To *Rochford*.

*Wood.* Be not abused: but now,

Even now I saw her wear e'm.

*Less.* Very likely: 'tis fit, hearing her husband is returned,

That she should re-deliver 'em.

*Wood.* But pray sir tell me,

How is it likely she could part with 'em,

When they are lockt about her Neck and Wrists,

And the Key with her husband?

*Less.* Oh sir, that's but practise;

She has got a trick to use another Key

Besides her husbands.

*Wood.*

*A Scene for a Comedy*

*Wood.* Sirrah, you do lie; *you are a liar*  
And were I to pay down a hundred pounds  
For every Lie given; as men pay Twelve pence,  
And worthily, for Swearing, I would give thee  
The Lie, nay though it were in the Court of Honor  
So oft, till of the Thousands I am worth,  
I had not left a hundred. For is't likely  
So brave a Gentleman as *Rochfield* is,  
That did so much at Sea to save my life,  
Should now on Land shorten my wretched days,  
In ruining my Daughter? A rank Lie!  
Have you spread this to any but my self?

*Less.* I am no Intelligencer.

*Wood.* Why then 'tis yet a secret?

And that it may rest so, Draw; He take order  
You shall prate of it no further.

*Less.* Oh, my Sword.

Is enchanted, Sir, and will not out o' th Scabbard:

I will leave you, sir; yet say not I give ground,

For 'tis your own you stand on.

*Enter Bonville & Clara.*

*Clara* here with *Bonville*? excellent! on this

I have more to work. This goes to *Annabel*,

And it may increase the Whirlwinde.

*Exit.*

*Bon.* How now, Sir? Come, I know this choler bred in you  
For the Voyage which I took at his entreaty;  
But I must reconcile you.

*Wood.* On my credit

There's no such matter. I will tell you Sir,  
And I will tell it in laughter: The Cause of it  
Is so poor, so ridiculous, so impossible  
To be believed! Ha, ha, he came even now  
And told me that one *Rochfield*, now a Guest  
(And most worthy Sir, to be so) in my House,  
Is grown exceedingly familiar with my Daughter.

*Bon.* Ha?

*Wood.* Your wife, and that he has had favors from her.

*Bon.* Favors?

*A Game for a Cardholder*

Love-tokens I did call 'em in my youth;  
Lures to which Gallants spread their wings, and stoop  
In Ladies bosoms. Nay, he was so false  
To Truth and all good Manners, that those Jewels  
You lockt about her Neck, he did profess  
She had given to *Rochfield*? Ha! methinks o'th sudden  
You do change colour. Sir, I would not have you  
Believe this in least part: My Daughter's honest,  
And my Guest is a noble Fellow: And for this  
Slander deliver'd me by *Lessingham*,  
I would have cut his throat.

*Bon.* As I your Daughters,  
If I finde not the Jewels 'bout her.

*Clare.* Are you returned  
With the Italian Plague upon you, Jealousie?

*Wood.* Suppose that *Lessingham* should love my Daughter,  
And thereupon fashion your going over,  
As now your Jealousie, the stronger way  
So to divide you, there were a fine Crotcher!  
Do you stagger still? If you continue thus,  
I vow you are not worth a welcome home  
Neither from her, nor me. See, here she comes.

*Enter Rochfield  
and Annabel*

*Clare.* I have brought you home a Jewel.

*Ann.* Wear it your self;

For these I wear are Fetters, not Favors.

*Clare.* I look for better welcome.

*Roch.* Noble sir, I must wooe your better knowledge?

*Bon.* Oh dear sir,

My Wife will bespeak it for you.

*Roch.* Ha? your Wife.

*Wood.* Bear with him, sir, he's strangely off o'th hinges.

*Bon.* The Jewels are i'th right place; but the Jewel  
Of her heart sticks yonder. You are angry with me  
For my going over.

*Ann.* Happily more angry for your coming over.

*Bon.* I fear you my Will from *Dinner*?

*Ann.* Yes Sir.

*Bon.* Fetch it.

*Ann.*

*A Cure for a Cuckold.*

*Ann.* I shall Sir, but leave your Self-will with you. *Exit.*

*VWood.* This is fine, the woman will be mad too.

*Bon.* Sir, I would speak with you.

*Rich.* And I with you of all men living.

*Bon.* I must have satisfaction from you.

*Rich.* Sir, it grows upon the time of payment.

*Wood.* What's that? what's that? He have no whispering.

*Enter Annabel with a Will.*

*An.* Look you, there's the Pattern  
Of your deadly affection to me.

*Bon.* 'Tis wellcome,  
When I gave my self for dead, I then made over  
My Land unto you, now I finde your love  
Dead to me, I will alter't.

*An.* Use your pleasure,  
A man may make a garment for the Moon,  
Rather then fit your Constancy.

*Wood.* How's this? Alter your Will.

*Bon.* 'Tis in mine own disposing,  
Certainly I will alter't.

*Wood.* Will you so my friend?  
Why then I will alter mine too.  
I had estated thee, thou peevish fellow,  
In forty thousand pounds after my death,  
I can finde another Executor.

*Bon.* Pray sir, do,  
Mine Ile alter without question.

*Wood.* Doeſt hear me?  
And if I change not mine within this two hours,  
May my Executors cozen all my kindred  
To whom I bequeath Legacies.

*Bon.* I am for a Lawyer, sir.

*VWood.* And I will be with one as soon as thy self,  
Though thou ridest poste to'th devil.

*Rich.* Stay let me follow, and cool him.

*VWood.* Oh by no means,  
You'l put a quarrel upon him for the wrong,

*A Cure for a Buckold.*

Has done my Daughter.

*Roch.* No believe it fir, he's my wish'd friend.

*Wood.* Oh come, I know the way of't;

Carry it like a French quarrel, privately whisper

Appoint to meet, and cut each others throats

With Cringes and Embraces, I protest

I will not suffer you exchange a word

Without I over hear't.

*Roch.* Use your pleasure.

*Exit Woodroff, Rochfield.*

*Clare.* You are like to make fine work now.

*An.* Nay, you are like to make a finer buisiness of't.

*Clare.* Come, come, I must fowder you together.

*An.* You? why I heard

A bird sing lately, you are the onely cause

Works the division.

*Clare.* Who? As thou ever lovedst me,

For I long, though I am a Maid, for't.

*An.* *Lessingham.*

*Clare.* Why then I do protest my self first cause

Of the wrong, which he has put upon you both,

Which please you to walk in, I shall make good

In a short relation; come Ile be the clew

To lead you forth this Labyrinth, this toyl

Of a supposed and causelets Jealousie.

Cankers touch choicest fruit with their infection,

And Fevers seize those of the best complexion.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Woodroff and Rochfield.*

*Wood.* Sir, have I not said I love you? if I have,

You may believ't before an Oracle,

For there's no trick in't, but the honest sence.

*Roch.* Believe it, that I do, sir.

*Wood.* Your love must then

Be as plain with mine, that they may suit together:

I say you must not fight with my son *Bonville.*

*Roch.* Not fight with him, sir?

*Wood.* No, Not fight with him, sir.

I grant you may be wronged, and I dare swear



*A Cure for a Cuckold.*

So is my child, but he is the husband, you know,  
The womans lord, and must not always be told  
Of his faults neither, I say you must not fight.

*Roch.* Ile swear it, if you please sir.

*Wood.* And I forswear I know't

E're you lay ope the secrets of your valour,  
'Tis enough for me I saw you whisper,  
And I know what belongs to't.

*Roch.* To no such end, assure you.

*Enter Lessingham.*

*Wood.* I say you cannot fight with him.

If you be my friend for I must use you,  
Yonder's my foe, and you must be my Second,  
Prepare the Slanderer, and get another  
Better then thy self too; for here's my Second,  
One that will fetch him up, and fierk him too.  
Get your tools, I know the way to *Callis-sands*,  
If that be your Fence-school, hee'l show you tricks 'faith,  
Hee'l ler blood your Calumny, your best guard  
Will come to a *Pescavi* I believe.

*Less.* Sir, if that be your quarrel,  
He's a party in it, and must mainrain  
The side with me, from him I collected  
All those Circumstances concern your Daughter,  
His own tongue's confession.

*Wood.* Who from him?

He will belie to do thee a pleasure then,  
If he speak any ill upon himself,  
I know he ne're could do an injury.

*Roch.* So please you, Ile relate it, sir.

*Enter Bonville, Annabel, Clare.*

*Wood.* Before her husband then, and here he is  
In friendly posture with my Daughter too;  
I like that well. Son Bridegroom, and Lady Bride,  
If you will hear a man defame himself,  
(For so he must if he say any ill,) then listen.

*Bon.* Sir, I have heard this story, and meet with your opi-  
nion in his goodness, the repetition will be needless.

*Roch.*

*A Care for a Child.*

*Roch.* Your father has not, Sir. He be brief in the delivery.

*VWood.* Do, do then, I long to hear it.

*Roch.* The first acquaintance, I had with your Daughter,  
Was on the Wedding-Eve.

*VWood.* So, 'tis not ended yet, methinks.

*Roch.* I would have robb'd her. *VWood.* Ah, thief.

*Roch.* That Chain and Bracelet which she wears upon her, she  
ransom'd with the full esteem in Gold, which was with you my  
Venture. *VWood.* Ah, thief agen.

*Roch.* For any attempt against her honor, I vow I had no  
Thought on. *VWood.* An honest thief 'faith yet.

*Roch.* Which she as nobly recompenc'd, brought me home,  
And in her own discretion thought it meet,  
For cover of my shame, to call me Cousin.

*VWood.* Call a thief Cousin? Why, and so she might,  
For the Gold she gave thee, she stole from her husband,  
'Twas all his now, yet 'twas a good Girl too.

*Roch.* The rest you know, sir.

*VWood.* Which was worth all the rest, thy valor Lad; but He  
have that in Print, because I can no better utter it.

*Roch.* Thus (Jade unto my Wairs, and spurred by my Necessi-  
ties) I was going, but by that Ladies counsel I was staid; (for  
that Discourse was our familiarity.) And this you may take for  
my Recantation, I am no more a thief.

*VWood.* A blessing on thy heart,  
And this was the first time I warrant thee too.

*Roch.* Your charitable Censure is not wrong'd in that.

*VWood.* No, I knew 't could be but the first time at most;  
But for thee (brave Valor) I have in store,  
That thou shalt need to be a thief no more.

*Soft Musick.* Hi? What's this Musick?

*Bon.* It chimes a *Javan* to your Wedding, sir, if this be your  
Bride.

*Less.* Can you forgive me? some wilde distractions had over-  
turned my own condition, and spilt the goodness you once knew  
in me, but I have carefully recovered it, and overthrown the fury  
on't. *Clare.* It was my cause that you were so possess'd, and all  
these

*and Cure for a Cuckold.*

these troubles have from my peevish will original : I do repent, though you forgive me not.

*Less.* You have no need for your repentance then which is due to it : all's now as at first it was wish to be.

*Wood.* Why, that's well said of all sides. But soft, this Musick has some other meaning. : Another Wedding towards, Good speed, good speed.

*Enter Compass and the four Gallants, Bride between Franckford and another, Luca, Nurse, and Childe.*

*Comp.* We thank you, sir.

*Wood.* Stay, stay, our neighbor *Compass*, is't not ?

*Comp.* That was, and may be agen to morrow, this day Master Bridegroom.

*Wood.* Oh ! give you joy. But sir, if I be not mistaken, you were married before now ; how long is't since your wife died ?

*Comp.* Ever since yesterday, sir.

*Wood.* Why, she's scarce buried yet then.

*Comp.* No indeed, I mean to dig her grave soon, I had no leisure yet.

*Wood.* And was not your fair Bride married before?

*Wife.* Yes indeed, sir.

*Wood.* And how long since your husband departed ?

*Wife.* Just when my husbands wife died.

*Wood.* Bless us *Hymen*, are not these both the same parties ?

*Bon.* Most certain, sir.

*Wood.* What Marriage call you this ?

*Comp.* This is called *Shedding of Horus*, sir.

*Wood.* How?

*Less.* Like enough, but they may grow agen next year.

*Wood.* This is a new trick.

*Comp.* Yes sir, because we did not like the old trick.

*Wood.* Brother, you are a helper in this design too.

*Fr.* The Father to give the Bride, sir.

*Comp.* And I am his son, sir, and all the sons he has ; and this is his Grand-childe, and my elder brother, you'l think this strange now.

*Wood.* Then it seems he begat this before you ?

*Comp.* Before me ? not so sir, I was far enough off when 'twas done ; yet let me see him dares say, this is not my Childe, and this my father.

*Bon.* You cannot see him here, I think sir.

*Wood.* Twice married ! Can it hold ?

*Comp.* Hold ? It should hold the better, a wise man would think, when 'tis ty'd of two knots.

*Wood.*

*Wood.* Methinks it should rather unloose the first,  
And between 'em both make up one *Negative*.

*Enst.* No sir, for though it hold on the contrary, yet two *Affirmatives* make no *Negative*. *Wood.* Cry you mercy, sir.

*Comp.* Make what you will, this little *Negative* was my wifes  
laying, and I *Affirm* it to be mine own.

*Wood.* This proves the marriage before substantial, having this issue

*Comp.* 'Tis mended now sir, for being double married, I may  
now have two children at a birth, if I can get 'em. D'ye think  
Ile be five years about one, as I was before?

*Enst.* The like has bin done for the loss of the Wedding-ring,  
And to settle a new peace before disjoyned.

*Lyon.* But this indeed sir, was especially done, to avoid the  
word of Scandal, that foul word which the fatal *Monologist* can-  
not alter. *Wood.* Cuckow. *Comp.* What's that, the Nigh-  
tingale?

*Wood.* A Nigh-bird, much good may do you, sir.

*Comp.* Ile thank you when I'm at Supper. Come Father,  
Child, and Bride; and for your part Father, whatsoever he, or  
he, or t'other says, you shall be as welcome as in my t'other wifes  
days. *Fr.* I thank you, sir!

*Wood.* Nay, take us with you, Gentlemen:  
One Wedding we have yet to solemnize,  
The first is still imperfect. Such troubles  
Have drown'd our Musick: but now I hope all's friends.  
Get you to Bed, and there the Wedding ends.

*Comp.* And so good night, my Bride and Ile to bed:  
He that has Horns, thus let him learn to shed. *Exeunt.*

## P I N I S.

If any Gentlemen please to repair to my House aforesaid, they may  
be furnished with all manner of English, or French Histories, Roman-  
ces, or Poetry; which are to be sold, or read for reasonable Conside-  
rations.

